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JOHN · H · DILLINGHAM

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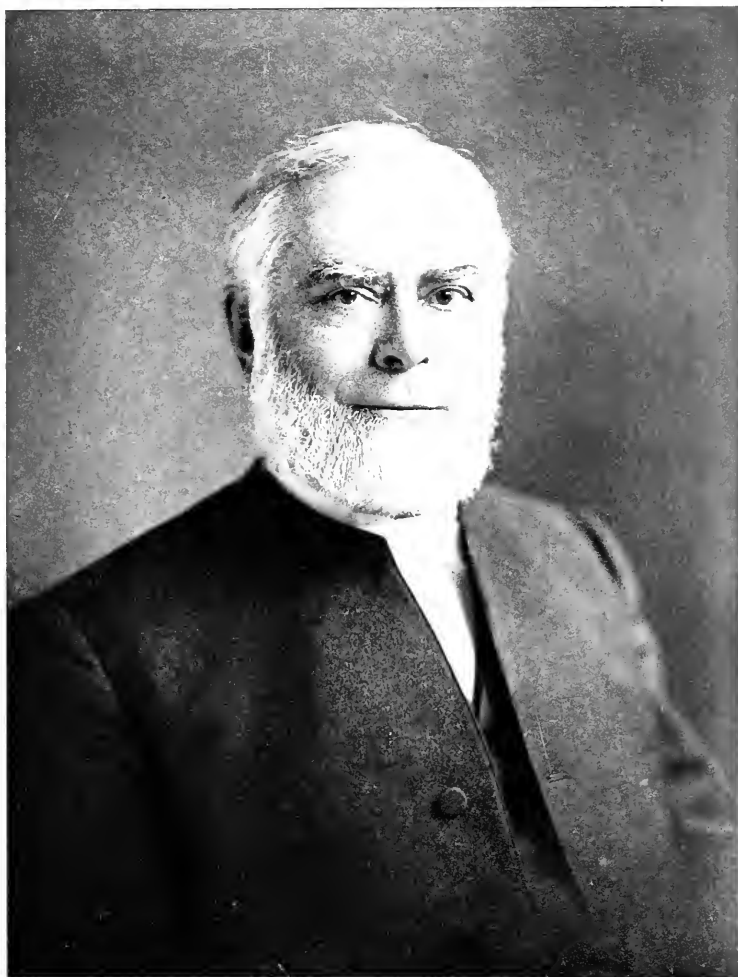
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John H. Dillingham.

John H. Dillingham

1839-1910

Teacher, Minister in the Society of
Friends, Editor

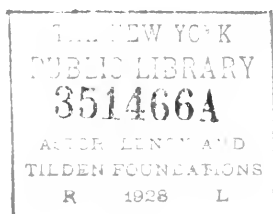
By

J. Henry Bartlett

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BY

J. HENRY BARTLETT

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY
OF
LYDIA BEEDE DILLINGHAM
THE SELF-SACRIFICING MOTHER
WHO WAS ALWAYS AN INSPIRATION TO HER SON

27X480

INTRODUCTION

So far as possible it has been the effort in this volume to make John H. Dillingham write his own life. He left little if any material designed for that purpose. The habit of his Harvard training to have a "common book" in which he wrote a first draft of every exercise, theme, or letter, clung to him in measure through life. These books have been preserved and although there is one hiatus of nearly fifteen years in which there is no record, each distinct period of his life is represented. In addition, his mother preserved the bulk of his college letters, and of those received in the four or five years following his graduation. All this material has been most kindly entrusted to me by Mary P. Dillingham and her daughters. They have very properly retained those records that relate to themselves. Thus, it is possible to present material of greater value even than an autobiographical record would be. Having been written without a view to publication, it is perfectly natural and spontaneous.

There need be no apology for printing such a life. In the circle of the Society of Friends where his activities were known, John Dilling-

ham was a unique figure. Naturally well endowed, he had the best education his time afforded; for several years after his college course he was in close touch with the most brilliant intellectual and social circle in the country; under a prompting of duty and encouraged by prophetic utterances of gifted ministers as to a future of usefulness, he entered Haverford College as an instructor. There, in face of a previous judgment against it, he embraced conservative Quakerism "as a conviction," and during nearly forty years of his life found in it a greater measure of spiritual freedom than any of all the other forms of Christianity (he had tested them nearly all) seemed to contain. This choice was made in no narrow sectarian spirit. The following letter by one *not* of his chosen faith—a summer resident of the Cape and a neighbor of his—indicates very fairly the breadth of outlook compatible with what some might seem to regard a narrow path to walk in.

"LITTLE NECK,
"WEST FALMOUTH,
"MASSACHUSETTS,
"July 16, 1911.

"MY DEAR MRS. DILLINGHAM:

"It is fitting that the life of a man like John

Dillingham is to be published. None could better inspire others to right living and right thinking. He was a real teacher whose influence upon the minds and hearts of the young will be most beneficent and enduring. Everything of real value in life seemed to engage his interest and in a spirit most broad and tolerant. His activity was remarkable; he, evidently, received strength from God to go on and work beyond the limit of the ordinary man. His mental capacity always impressed me as most sound, with every indication of great knowledge. His conversation was direct, forcible, and enlightening; impressing one with the belief that he knew whereof he spoke. His convictions upon matters of religious principles were staunch, yet always gentle and tolerantly expressed. He was sane and well balanced; always rang true. He was gentle and modest.

"It is a distinct loss, in these days of careless thinking and reckless living, to have taken from us a man like this. I miss his presence constantly, but am thankful to have had such a friend, whose memory is blessed.

"Your friend,

"EDWARD L. PARKER."

No larger hope is entertained in committing

these pages to print than that they may “inspire others to right living and right thinking.”

J. HENRY BARTLETT.

TUCKERTON, N. J.,
21st x, 1911.

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CHAPTER I

LIFE [WRITTEN BY JOHN H. DILLINGHAM] FOR
CLASS BOOK OF 1862 [HARVARD]

IN that part of the town of Falmouth, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, known as West Falmouth or "Hog Island," situate on the shore of Buzzard's Bay, and on the first day of June in the year 1839, as my father was hoeing corn in the field, I came into the world. My father, like, I believe, all his New England ancestors, was a farmer and still is a farmer on his paternal acres. His name is Abram. My mother's name before marriage was Lydia Beede Hoag; her residence and birthplace, Sandwich, New Hampshire.

On the back of a representation of the Dillingham coat-of-arms, made by an English genealogist not very long since, I find written the following information: "The family of Dillingham is originally from Wood Dyllingham in the county of Norfolk in England. [Description of Arms.] The cross and the arms were given to those who were in the fourth crusade with

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King Richard *Cœur de Lion*. The lion and the crest show second in command."

An Edward Dillingham settled in Lynn, Massachusetts, 1636, coming from Bitteswell, County Leicester, England, where he had estate: removed next year to Sandwich, Massachusetts; was representative in 1642 and had Henry and John; the younger born in England about 1636. Henry married Hannah Perry, 24 June, 1652, and lived in Sandwich; left children EDWARD, John, and Simeon. EDWARD, born 21 February, 1665, married Abigail Nye and lived in Sandwich. Their son EDWARD, born 1st mo. 1703 / 4, married Elizabeth Goodspeed, who died 8 September, 1793, aged nearly ninety-six, and their son IGNATIUS, married Deborah Gifford, February, 1762(?). They settled in Falmouth. Ignatius died 15 August, 1816. Deborah died 22 October, 1793, and Ignatius's second wife, Hannah, died 25 July, 1829. Ignatius and Deborah's son JOSEPH, one of eight children, born 1 November, 1776, married Esther Rogers (descended from John Rogers the Smithfield martyr, *vid. New England Primer*), and my father ABRAM who is one of their seven or more children married Lydia Beede Hoag, 1837. I am the eldest of their four children (all boys), the third and fourth of whom died

young. My brother is preparing for college at Exeter, New Hampshire. [For the American Dillinghams in general, see Savage's *General Dictionary*.]

At what period Quakerism found its way into the family I know not. Certainly my great-grandfather Ignatius was a Quaker, as all his descendants have been. My mother's ancestors (the Hoags) have also been Friends for some generations, I know not how many. My mother is the daughter of John Hoag and Elizabeth (Jilson) of Bolton, Massachusetts.

I myself in natural endowments, physical and intellectual, belong to the Hoags, rather than the Dillinghams. My ancestors on both sides as a general thing have been patriarchs in respect of length of years and multitude of children.

Till I was twelve years old I had the usual three months' schooling in the winter and three months' in summer. I recall distinctly most of the incidents of a journey made when I was seven years old, with my mother and brother to her old home in New Hampshire. We spent thus the greater part of the autumn, spending much time on the way going and returning in visiting various friends and relatives.

At the age of twelve I was sent to Law-

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rence Academy in Falmouth village, four miles from home. Up to the time of going to college I attended the Academy during the spring and fall terms, walking the eight miles nearly every school-day. In the winter-time I went to the school of my own school-district until I was sixteen, when I commenced teaching school. My first teacher at the Academy was George Dodge. He soon left the school and Mr. George Moore, who is now a Congregationalist minister in Andover, was substituted. When I returned to the Academy in the spring, Mr. Moore had left, and his classmate at Williams, Mr. George Ellery Clarke, took his place, where he still faithfully labors. Whether to my mother or to Mr. Clarke I owe the most of my desire to get an education, I cannot tell. Certainly I owe much to the patience, encouragement, kindness, and interest in my case of Mr. Clarke. Having a taste for books and some ambition, I preferred the honor of being an educated man to other kinds of honor and gradually came to look beyond the Academy to the college as the best means of gaining an honorable prestige in society. Yet without this motive I think the desire of self-improvement was strong enough of itself to send me to college. To college I came at the age of nineteen, with twenty dollars in my pocket, will-

ing to see how far through that money and Providence would carry me. School-keeping and college benefices under that Providence have put me through uninterruptedly and with little debt. The school I first taught was in a part of my native town called Shumet, eight miles from home. The boys were rude and the teacher inexperienced and homesick. Yet if I am able to believe the committee, "good satisfaction was given." I went through my next school the winter before coming to college in the school-district in which I had always resided. My next school I taught in Pocasset, a part of Sandwich, six miles from home, in the winter of my Freshman year. The next winter I taught at home again, and have not taught school since.

As to prizes, I have received a Detur (*Bacon's Essays*) and a President's scholarship for the Junior year and divided with O. W. Holmes, Jr., in my Junior year, the Boylston prize for Greek Prose Composition.

I have been a member of the Society of Christian Brethren, and of the Temperance Society from the evening it was organized. Was president of the Temperance Society during my Junior year. I belong also to the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

My chums have been Ben Major Davenport

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and J. Nelson Trask. With the former I lived during the Sophomore and with the latter during the Junior year.

It is my plan to teach school or engage in some other lucrative occupation for a few years after graduating and then to enter upon the Medical Profession. Had my views of the Christian ministry not received a bias from the influences by which I have been surrounded, I should probably hardly hesitate to become a preacher. But could I afford to gratify my inclination I should try to lead the life of a scholar and literary man and to make my study useful to the world by writing or as I should prefer by public speaking. I have quite a fondness for the study of languages.

As before intimated, I have always been a member of the Society of Friends. I entertain great respect for the *vital principles* of the Quaker creed, but I am so observant of the Quaker principle of discarding religious formalities that I cannot conscientiously observe the Quaker formalities with regard to any peculiar demeanor, dress, or address.

CAMBRIDGE, 26 May, 1862.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL ENVIRONMENT

It is the custom of modern times to seek an explanation of men in a study of their heredity and environment. A great apostle may claim, "By the grace of God I am what I am," and yet elsewhere point out that "I am a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia but brought up in [Jerusalem] at the feet of Gamaliel." The weight of birth and of education gave him a right to speak with authority, where otherwise he might not have been heard at all. In their proper place, which is of course in subordination to the principle of grace, these elements of birth and of education count decisively, even in religious character. In the life of John H. Dillingham much that is distinctive and of special interest may be noted under both of these heads.

He had a birthright membership in the Society of Friends. The Sandwich community into which he was born was largely descended from Pilgrim

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Separatists. These had withdrawn from Plymouth in the seventeenth century after "assisting the Quakers and boldly opposing [their] persecution," by the authorities. A similar settlement at Sandwich, New Hampshire, had been gathered for much the same reason from the Lynn colony. Persecution, as many times before in history, had been "the seed of the Church." Thus in two centres of the same name, a heroic type of Friend, growing as a graft on Pilgrim stock, made an ancestry of the most sterling qualities. John Dillingham had the good fortune to belong to both communities. His mother was Lydia Beede Hoag of Sandwich, New Hampshire, and his father Abram Dillingham of Cape Cod.

The special marks of this Pilgrim-Quaker heredity have been more than once pointed out. A fine sense of tolerance, in protest against the Puritan spirit of persecution, was the very root of it. A strong loyalty to an evangelical expression of faith was so well established that it was not appreciably disturbed by the conflicts of the first half of the nineteenth century in New England. A love of learning was deeply ingrained, and a sense that the amenities of life have a refining and elevating effect was found quite compatible with native simplicity and thought-

fulness. So with strength of character there was combined loveliness, and with originality a good measure of appreciation of the other man's point of view. How many worthy New England Friends with these characteristics adorn the pages of history!

As an introduction to some study of the environment into which John Dillingham was born, it may be well to make two quotations from a lecture given by him before his fellow-townsmen while he was still in college, 26th of 2d mo., 1861. Speaking of the Sandwich stock he said, "Did I wish to find that spot on the earth where the English blood has been kept in its greatest purity, I should hardly go even to England to find it; I should on the whole stay where I am. No race of people, as a whole, are purer English than the Cape Cod people. The Pilgrims settled our county, and their posterity, 'perpetuating their names and their virtues,' have occupied it unmixed with Irish, Germans, or any other race. That strong English common-sense (which is not so common after all) is very common here. That genuine English pluck, in all its strength and purity, is the basis of the sterling worth of the sons and daughters of Cape Cod. Indeed, to use the words of a Cape Cod Republican in Faneuil Hall on the evening after the last Presi-

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dential election, 'where there's a good deal of *sand* you must expect a good deal of *grit*.' "

A somewhat impassioned burst of eloquence concludes the lecture. It displays a loyalty for the land of his birth on the part of the Harvard Junior that never abated during his seventy years. "We are not ashamed of the land of our birth and adoption. For historic memories have hallowed every grain of her sand, rendering it more precious than gold-dust at the shrine of Patriotism and Liberty. It is fitting we are reminded to cherish a veneration for the land of our birth and a jealous regard for her sacred honor. That feeling surely incites her sons to resolve that if Cape Cod cannot be respected for her soil, she shall, indeed, be glorious in her men! Though we cannot proudly point to broad acres of luxuriant growth of wheat, top-heavy with its bounteous yield, nor fields of towering corn, yet let our lives show that:

'Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies.'

May that land which was the 'Cradle of New England,' the cradle indeed of Liberty, never cease because of the remissness of her children to be the 'Right Arm of Massachusetts,' as in topographical outline, so in the works and virtue of

her inhabitants. Precious is their birthright—doubly precious may their children's birthright be. May their lives perpetuate the memory of the sandy Cape Cod more gloriously than the 'Sandy Pylos' is signalized in epic song as the abode of Nestor;—with so much esteem for nobleness of purpose and purity of life, and so much of gratitude for useful service done, that in future generations it shall be no dishonor to Cape Cod that their graves are within her borders."

Considering now the matter of environment more specifically the hardy New England atmosphere has long been regarded as superior. Principal Herbert L. Rand of the Salem Normal School has thus analyzed its special merits: "The hand-work which it was necessary for the children to do in their homes, supplemented by the book-work in the school and the Bible study which all the children were compelled to do in the Sunday-school, were the principal means of developing a people whose strength has always demanded the wonder and admiration of the whole world." Hand-work in the home, book-work in the school, and Bible study in the "Sunday-school," are the three elements that come to the fore in a review of John H. Dillingham's early life.

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First, as to hand-work in the home, it may be well to observe that in the middle of last century every country house was a centre of industrial activity. All the necessities and conveniences of living were home-made. In the Falmouth neighborhood the nearness of the sea added another field of activity to the young life. Practically every boy of John Dillingham's circle knew how to sail a boat, to fish, and to gather clams. So the "chores" of housekeeping, a measure of agricultural work, and the toil of the sea gave training to the motor activities of child life in that day that now at the best can be but poorly imitated in schemes of manual training in the school. John Dillingham's boyhood home was not in any large sense a farm home. The original Dillingham estate might have included several hundred acres. Farming under such conditions could be conducted successfully even though the soil was sandy. The large families furnished the labor and a very considerable variety of products compensated in measure for a small return in some of the staples of agriculture. In the course of several generations, as the holdings became subdivided, families found themselves with comparatively small farms. Under intensive systems of culture these can be made profitable but the de-

acades about 1850 were not distinguished by intensive farming. Abram Dillingham's share of his father's farm did not exceed eighty acres. When the portions of this in pine wood and the portions in salt marsh were deducted it left few acres of tillable soil. So it came about quite naturally that other fields of occupation attracted the father as giving prospect of better provision for the mother and the two sons. There had been four children, but two died in early childhood. We find the Falmouth family then much of the time composed of the mother and the two boys, John and Moses. Long journeys as a travelling salesman often kept the father absent for months. Much earlier than in many cases, the boys felt the responsibility of sharing in the necessary activities of field and garden and household. They entered into all of these as happy co-laborers with their industrious mother, and soon learned the pleasure of saving her by rising early or working late. It cannot be said, however, that any particular love of work in the soil grew out of this devotion. A row of growing onions in after-life made John Dillingham put his hand to his back with some playful allusion to the pain incident to weeding them. Doubtless, however, a fondness for home scenes—a lifelong attachment with him—was in

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part traceable to labor in these fields. The homestead in which he was born, and his father's house across the road from it, command striking views. Standing at the birthplace and looking south, Oyster Pond is in the foreground. Beyond is Sippewissett and then Naushon Island. This is the largest of the Elizabeth Islands and in its varying colors is rightly designated as a great chameleon. Turning to the east, King's Hill, wooded with oak and pine, seems a sentinel for the range of hills bulwarking the shore toward Falmouth. Altogether the surface of the ground is so rolling and broken and the indentations of the sea make so many curving beaches and sparkling bays that one would be callous indeed to natural beauty if he were not moved by the outlook. To John Dillingham these omnipresent charms made a rich compensation for painful toil, and laid a sure foundation in his character of appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

Turning, however, from a consideration of the "hand-work of the home," what shall be said of the "book-work of the school"? In view of the emphasis put upon education in the early Quaker practice it may at first thought seem strange that there was no Friends' school in the Falmouth neighborhood. As a



BIRTHPLACE. GRANDFATHER'S HOMESTEAD, WEST FALMOUTH, MASS.

matter of fact, here as elsewhere, Friends maintained schools quite in advance of the public school system. When the States organized district schools, in not a few instances they combined with the Friends' schools already established and in a sense superseded them. In some communities the teacher and a majority of the scholars would be Friends. John Dillingham often said he had never had the privileges of a Friends' school for a single day. He had, however, been more than once under a Friend as teacher and associated with a goodly number of children in the district school who were members with him of Falmouth meeting. Attendance at the district school during the three months of the winter term and the three months of the summer term continued until the age of twelve, when, to use his own language, he "commenced daily walks to Lawrence Academy in the village [of Falmouth] four miles from home, continuing at this school in the spring and fall terms till the age of nineteen." The six years included in this period develop the key-note of John Dillingham's life. He becomes a scholar with a positive conviction that scholarship presents worthy avenues of service in the world. Whatever taunts any might utter in regard to this choice, and his young life as we shall see

was not free from galling taunts, none could accuse him of choosing an easy path. The daily walks of eight miles to and from school, the determined application to lessons in order to maintain a worthy standing in scholarship, the willing devotion to home duties to relieve a beloved mother, present a picture of determination and endurance rarely if ever rivalled even in New England. This picture was made most real as he would smilingly point out to his children the very stones in the garden patch which he had used as weights to keep a Latin book open, so that he could study as he moved back and forth in clearing weeds from long rows of onions!

One of his schoolmates at Lawrence Academy, Harriet R. Hammond, has written some recollections of those days in a letter replying to inquiries about John Dillingham as a schoolboy.

"I have had my thinking-cap on since I received your letter, but, oh, it has been so long ago, that I am afraid I cannot give you much of interest. . . . How I wish I could, for of all the class of boys in school no one stood so high in my estimation as John Dillingham. The difficult problems I had to contend with were oftentimes made so plain when John explained them out to me. He was a *scholar* in every sense of the word and I heard George E. Clark, who was

our teacher, say that he never knew him to have an imperfect recitation. Honest in all his work! yes, he was the soul of honor and the pranks and foolish tricks some of us had, were entirely unknown to him. He was ever ready to assist those who were not as bright as he, was always kind, and his wit often made a hearty laugh.

"I remember a composition he wrote at one time on the value of a good education. It was fine and Mr. Clark said so much about it that it made the rest of us feel that we could not write at all. It was easy to see that it was his aim in life to obtain the education which would count for great things in afterlife. How well he succeeded you well know. He was never at a loss for an answer. Hannah Gould, who was one of us, said one day you have got to get up early in the morning to get ahead of John. . . .

"One afternoon after school six or eight of us girls planned the next morning to go up just for a walk and meet the West Falmouth boys as we called them.

"So we did and sat down on the stone-wall of the cemetery to wait for them. We were having a real jolly time and when the boys got along John was the last one to speak,—‘It is a quiet place in there but it would be better for

the home and the school if you had to go in one at time!’

“At one time one of the girls said something to me which made me a little indignant, so John was my comforter and said: ‘Harriet, thou must not be offended if one throws salt at thee. It will not hurt thee unless thou hast sore places’!”

Fortunately we have access to the mental and emotional side of this unfolding character, in the artless confessions of a college theme. Perhaps it was in the Sophomore year of his Harvard course that this assigned subject set him at self-revelation: “Circumstances in your personal history (or in that of your family or the place you live in), to which you look back with pride or pleasure.” It seems appropriate to quote the whole of the theme.

“A review of my uneventful life discovers a few things that are hardly remarkable in themselves, but are of consequence only in view of the impression made by them upon my mind or their office in the forming of my present character.

“It is with pleasure that I look back upon a journey with my mother and younger brother which we took when I was seven years old to the central part of New Hampshire, visiting many friends and relatives on the way. Then,

having been in the world for so short a time, when life was new and many things strange to me even among the most familiar scenes, what increase was there to my wonder and youthful joy, in the exciting variety of travel and occasional sojourn in city and country. I look back upon scenes of almost unalloyed pleasure, as I reflect upon my two months' stay at my grandfather's, rambling over the fields, shaking the ripe apples from the heavy-laden branches and contemplating the sublime mountains,—those mysterious things that Peter Parley's Geography had told me of before, and which I had wanted to see in their reality.

“Proud were the anticipations raised within me when my father proposed my going to the Academy which was in the village four miles from home, and walking to school mornings and home again nights. I was then twelve years old and continued going to the Academy, except in the winter term, for six years. I look back with a little of pride upon my history during that period, because I was not put down by the *taunts* of not one, but nearly all of the neighbors, who hinted that I had ‘better be at work and earning something’ and asked whether I expected to be minister, lawyer, or president. But I look back upon that time rather with

pleasure because I was under the guidance of a kind teacher who did much to encourage and stimulate me to advancement in learning and at length to a little ambition to rise by means of learning,—a feeling which would not rest satisfied with anything short of a collegiate education, or even with that.

“It is with deep pleasure that I look nearly three years back to a vacation, when, my father being away, I was working much of the time alone at hay-making. At times in those lone seasons the spirit of God operated within me, admonishing me thenceforth to give up the world, and to become a follower of Christ. At length I yielded, to my great peace—a peace that abides with me while I keep to the light that is given me. In view of these dispensations of Providence to which I look back with pride or pleasure, I feel a new responsibility to the great Giver for the right use of them. I now look back with some pride and pleasure upon difficulties surmounted in a severe discipline which I underwent for one winter when I was sixteen years' old, in teaching my first school, in a rude, uncivilized district in the woods, with several reckless boys older than myself to take care of, while all the time I was distressed under a heavy weight of homesickness without sympathy from

men, but being led by these trials to look for consolation in Jesus who had also suffered. Recognizing these and all past trials as wholesome blessings, I would look back with pride and pleasure upon them.

“While my heart was yet tender and susceptible, my mother imbued it with religious sentiments, chiefly by twilight conversations on holy things with her two children. I look back with the most solid pleasure upon that sowing of good seed. Its influence has been with me in some small degree thus far, and has rendered one trifling incident of vast good to me on account of a victory to which I look back with pride and pleasure. A boy with evil intent had swung a tin pail against the side of my head; with revengeful rage I pursued him; my conscience remonstrated, so that at length, even while on the pursuit, I was led to forgive him and overtake him in a spirit of love, and with the Divine favor felt in my heart. When I wish to have an idea of what it is for one to feel the Grace of God within him, I recur to the memory of that experience in my own heart.”

Thus we have not only the picture our imaginations can draw of the youthful John Dillingham in home and in school, but an artless confession of the influences that had gripped

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him as he stood on the threshold of manhood. One further source of these influences remains to be noted under the head defined by Principal Rand as "the Bible study which all the children were compelled to do in the Sunday-school." Whatever might have been the general practice of Friends in the Falmouth neighborhood near 1850, John Dillingham had part in the advantages of the neighborhood "Sunday-school." Much more than now these were quite strictly classes in Bible study. Considerable portions of Scripture were committed to memory and the narratives of the Old and New Testament were actually learned. In later life as a teacher of Scripture in a large day school, John more than once took some account of the portions committed to memory and the points of history required in the lessons of the modern "Sunday-school." It was his conclusion not only that fifty years had very generally changed the character of these schools until they exacted very little work, but that the weekly lessons required in Friends' schools fully covered the ground originally prescribed for First-day recitation. Sure it was that his mind was well stored with Scripture so that he often reminded his friends of the steward "that brought out things new and old from the treasury." His old "Sunday-

school " teacher, Martha L. Butler, has written the following recollections of those days of early training: "I have very pleasant memories of John as a boy in my Sunday-school class. He was a model scholar and I think his influence was felt over the others as I seldom had to reprove them when *he* was present. . . . I once heard a minister, who was addressing a class of teachers, offer in his prayer these words: 'Grant we may not increase responsibility without a corresponding faith.' I trust my efforts were put forth in faith as in John's case it was easy to do. I seem to see him now sitting in front of me with the others on either side and eyes fixed on mine listening to the truths of God's word. When a question was put to him he stopped to think and then gave an intelligent answer. He had a very retentive mind, as what he learned he always remembered, and improved his powers for the good of others as knowledge and wisdom increased. In speaking of my interest in John to a day-school teacher (Adelaide Gifford) she said, 'Yes, John had a long head.'

"In later years I have felt instructed by his teachings in our meetings and thought the teacher had become the pupil. One of his day-schoolmates, George W. Fish, says of him he was always very studious, thus preparing

himself for after-years of usefulness. He had a good and intelligent mother who, no doubt, taught him those habits that afterwards formed so lovely and noble a character."

So at nineteen years of age we find John Dillingham entertaining the prospect of college. Behind him the years had been full of struggle, but nothing of hard work at home or of a toilsome daily walk of eight miles for the privileges of the Academy had presented itself to his mind as hardship. Indeed it had all spelled opportunity to him. He had taken it step by step, and the conviction had become fixed in his mind at last that the collegiate stage might be possible for him. The meagre savings upon which he could count in the home coffers would pay a term's tuition, but would leave him less than twenty dollars for living expenses and incidentals. Many a less courageous soul would have been dismayed at this prospect. John Dillingham went forward in it without faltering.



LAWRENCE ACADEMY, FALMOUTH, MASS.



CHAPTER III

AT HARVARD COLLEGE

THE changes in Harvard in the fifty years since John Dillingham entered it in 1858 very much exceed the changes during the first two hundred years of its history. None the less the new environment was impressive to the young countryman of nineteen, as will appear in extracts from letters after he was fairly in harness. As an introduction to these the report he made to his parents and brother when he went up for entrance examinations will be of interest:

“Third-day,” he says, “we assembled at 20 minutes past 7 and the examinations continued until two in the afternoon. There were 122 applicants. We were divided into classes of 20, and each class went into some room, where there was a tutor ready to examine them. We were examined in six studies to-day, going to six different tutors, and on seven studies yesterday. . . . Before and after commencement yesterday I went in search of a room. (Having received my certificate of admission at 20 minutes of 8

the evening before, and a bond to be filled out.) I found that a moderate price for Cambridge of furnished rooms was \$1.50 per week, unfurnished \$50 a year. In the college buildings two chums pay \$40 for an unfurnished room. At length I succeeded in getting a nice pleasant little room in a house just finished, for \$25 a year, if I should be out three months in the winter teaching; otherwise it would be \$30. I am to furnish and have the care of it."

Once well established in such quarters and the routine of daily life in passing about from one lecture-room to another fairly learned, the effect of being a member of a larger group than he had heretofore known is manifest and the pomp and circumstance of the most important educational institution in the country made a marked impression upon him. A view of this is given in the following quotations from letters to his parents and brother. The first is dated 10th mo. 9, 1858, and in style was probably in imitation of some Latin or Greek he was then studying. "O thou whom it may concern, thyself standing on the stone steps of University Hall on some fine morning before breakfast taking a reverential view of the surrounding college buildings! From the cupola of the one nearest before thee the peal of a bell starts forth. Thou lookest up there to

see what it meaneth ; but when again thou lookest down, the scene is changed. ‘What meaneth the sight before me, all the paths, all the ground thickly scattered o’er with smart-stepping, spruce-looking young men, all the multitude coming towards me!’ Thou rushest in, up-stairs, up still another flight, turnest in to the right and lo! thou art in a gallery: but in thy step, below thee and around thee, each one heading for his own seat, all brisk-walking and ere the end of five wond’ring minutes a far-extending expanse of heads is spread out before thee, of those same young men sitting, in listening to the reading of the Scriptures by the sonorous voice of Dr. Huntington. At the end of fifteen minutes all again is desolate, each has wended his way to his own place of daily study.” Doubtless the onrush of this earnest life found many “wond’ring minutes” as prelude to the adjustment that finally made John Dillingham feel at home in the Harvard atmosphere. In 7th mo., 1859, the first year of college life was well past, but the sense of awe somewhat indicated in the previous quotation was still a present experience. So he writes to his brother, “I would rather not be at home Quarterly Meeting time, because I am a college student. Bedford folks would expect much of me in the way

of appearance and conversation. I feel that a profound responsibility rests upon me as a collegian, in respect to these things, which responsibility, being yet a Freshman, I am not able to discharge. We will see whether next year, writing themes, speaking declamations, and being a member of the Institute of 1776, will give any better qualifications."

One learns with much interest that a dominant note of this "smart-stepping, spruce-looking" set of young men with whom John Dillingham found himself was their poverty. Justice Oliver W. Holmes referring in a letter to an address by Moorfield Storey on "Harvard in the 60's," says that he remembers it "for the excellent and important remark that we were all *poor*. *It was a great advantage.*" Quoting from the address thus referred to, the following may make the life which John Dillingham shared for four years take on some marks of reality. "If," says Moorfield Storey, "I were asked to state in one word the great difference between our time and the present I should answer 'Simplicity.' In every respect, in great things and small, our lives and our problems were far simpler than those of the student who is now at Harvard.

"We enjoyed in the first place the inestimable advantage of poverty, that most ef-

ficient nurse of virtue in the young. . . . We had, of course, our rich men, but so large a majority of us were poor that the poor men set the fashion, and the rich adopted their standards. As a rule we did our own work, built our own fires, blacked our own boots, and . . . I can still hear the splashing on the stairs, mingled with frequent explosions of lively dissatisfaction, which used to accompany the ascent of my chum as late on winter nights he would stumble in the dark with our two pails of water up the three flights which led to our room at the top of Massachusetts.”

As appears by the letter first quoted, John Dillingham began his life at Harvard by lodging in a room apart from the college. This made his manner of life in providing his own fare less under notice, and enabled him to curtail expenses very considerably. The second year he received a college monitorship which paid him sixty dollars. He then joined his chum Davenport in renting a room in Graduates' Hall at a cost of twenty-six dollars a year each. In this situation, the two young men provided their own fare for most of the Sophomore year. It was an irregular way of living that had no merit but its economy. That the hardships of it were at times relieved and a touch of humorous pride

exhibited in the result will be clear from a letter to his brother as follows: "We have had a Q. M. [Quarterly Meeting] dinner to-day [18th of 3d mo., 1860]. Those two Southerners of whom I used to speak had many times been telling Major [his partner in housekeeping] that they were coming sometime to take dinner with us, and *see* if we could live nearly as well as if we boarded out, for they did n't believe we could. So with my recommendation, Major yesterday invited them to dine with us to-day and bought a turkey, stuffed it according to rule, and boiled it in a vessel he had made on purpose for boiling turkeys, and bought and prepared several other things which will appear by the following list of dishes which we had for dinner to-day: Boiled turkey, which was cooked superbly; beef-steak, about the best the Southerners had ever tasted, as was the coffee, mashed potato, white and graham bread, cranberry, honey, butter, cheese, cream, oyster-soup (hot), sponge cake, mince and apple pie, oyster crackers, and various 'grievances.' The Southerners felt like 'they would die of eating'; they liked our way of living 'a heap better than boarding out' and wanted us to take them as boarders." In this picture there is little hint of the daily self-denial which John Dillingham practised during the

first two years of his college course. The room he first rented was unfurnished. A table and chair and finally a lounge for a bed for some time represented his household goods. How and where he slept until the bed was found he never disclosed. Once or twice he was heard to tell the story of the purchase of the lounge. He had found it on sale at a second-hand place for two dollars. In order to save transportation he went at nightfall the two miles to the store, paid the amount, put the couch on his head, and started out to carry it home. It soon became very heavy and he was obliged to put it on the ground and to lie down upon it to rest. A repetition of this performance, probably a dozen times, brought him to the door of his lodging with a jubilant feeling that he had completed the required furnishing of his room. At the approach of colder weather, however, another necessity put his slender resources to a severe test. He refers to this incident in a home letter dated 10 mo., 20th, 1858. "On Second-day evening I bought my stove, paying the man a ninepence extra for sending it to my room. It has not been cool enough for a fire yet, but has grown warmer for the past week, so that I have some days studied with my coat off again. I intend to speak for some coal and kindling-wood to-

morrow and let it be charged on my term bill since I have not seven dollars left, having been obliged to pay nearly three dollars for books. . . .

“On my way to Boston yesterday to get some second-hand books, I bought a good stove-pipe in Cambridgeport (at the store where I have saved what money I have saved in buying my furniture) which has two joints and an elbow, for sixty-two cents.”

This little capital of seven dollars made the reserve fund from which living expenses must be met during the term. The main part of the necessary food came from Falmouth and represented a fond mother's determination to put her son forward in the privileges of collegiate training. She availed herself of opportunities to forward provisions by friends travelling from Falmouth to Boston either by checking trunks or sending packages to the business office of a cousin near the station. In one case the letter announcing such an invoice was delayed several days, with a result reported by John Dillingham as follows: “The things were not so much hurt after all, only four of the sweet potatoes being rotten, and some apples specked. I finished all but one of the apple pies before they became uneatable and for the past week have been living upon bread and mince pie, eating rather more

of pie than bread. The bread became uneatable by this morning so that I threw away the remaining two and one half loaves." The brown bread of that day apparently, as well as of this, had good keeping qualities, and at times his larder was reduced to a supply of it and of apples that had been shipped from Falmouth by the barrel. Such a menu for a week or more without intermission maintained his strength and working energy, so that he could report himself "very well." Finally, however, the condition became unbearable. He wrote his mother of a plan to take meals at a regular boarding-house and added the significant sentence, "I shouldn't then be casting longing glances at every eating-house I see."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the condition of poverty pictured by Storey, referred to by Judge Holmes, and so concretely illustrated by John Dillingham indicated that the Harvard students of that day came from homes of actual want. As a rule an abundance of food and other necessities abounded in the homes. It was lack of money, that is described as poverty. In a sense and because of contrast with home conditions, this made the grit and endurance with which John Dillingham braved the college hardships the more conspicuous.

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However, he never wrote of them as hardships, nor in after-life referred to them in conversation as though they represented anything heroic or even noteworthy. To the average collegian of the twentieth century such conditions of living as Harvard boys of the 'sixties faced bravely would seem to be insurmountable difficulties.

When we turn from the more material side of college life to the special privileges of college training we find that John Dillingham, from the very first, was determined upon securing the fullest measure of advantage possible to him. He had the usual experience of finding the college standards of recitation so unlike those of school that his first quarter's marks chagrined him sorely. We should not call them bad but they were much below his ambition. Directly after, however, there is note of being publicly commended for a Latin recitation and of a "perfect mark" in one or more lessons. The climax of such mark of scholarship came in the Junior year when he competed with Seniors for the Boylston prize for Greek composition. The fifty dollars was divided with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of the more advanced class. This and previous successes made the financial burdens after the first year somewhat lighter. College loans for promising students became

available, and a monitorship was bestowed upon him. This gave him a small salary, as noted in the letter quoted above, in return for some simple duties in regulating dormitory life. It had an effect also in making his situation known to the staff so that he had no great difficulty in being excused three terms during the four years to earn some money in teaching district school. At graduation he was elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which was then more of a distinct recognition of scholarship than now.

Apart from direct college associations and class-room instruction, John Dillingham's years at Harvard covered stirring times in our country's history and he was not a little moved by public events. We have references in his letters to much in this line. The two extracts that follow will possibly suffice to show him in these relations. Under date of 18th of 9th mo., 1859: "Doubtless you have seen by the papers that yesterday there was to be a great celebration at the Dedication of the Webster Statue in front of the State House; how that all sorts of dignitaries were to march in the grand procession, including the students of Harvard; that Professor Felton was to present the statue with one of his admired speeches, to Major Lincoln; that Governor Banks and the like were to speak; and

finally there was to be an oration by Edward Everett.

“The evening before our class met and voted not to go in the procession. Although I voted to go, yet I should not have joined the procession myself, since the class was to wear black stove-pipe hats—silk or beaver.

“But it rained steadily all day yesterday. When I got ready, at half-past two, I walked into Boston, and saw great preparations made, by covering the ground in front of the State House with a level platform, but all the space was empty, and there was a notice posted that the gathering was to assemble in Music Hall; thither I went, and worked my way in. Everett was speaking; he had begun a quarter of an hour before and spoke an hour and a quarter longer; his oration was a eulogy on Webster. Certain passages in the oration were so thrilling with eloquence that the assembled thousands not only cheered by clapping hands, but they roared right out with shouts. I have not time now to give the sense of those outbursts.” Toward the conclusion of the same letter some more of the impression made by this memorable occasion is indicated by the following: “I was forced to pronounce Everett the greatest of living orators. Perhaps this oration on Webster may be the

greatest of his productions. If glory is everything he would better die right off before he does anything to spoil the effect of this great masterpiece. I heard a student tell that this was to be Everett's last oratorical effort."

The second extract has reference to the famous oration by Charles Sumner on "The True Grandeur of Nations." John Dillingham was in company with John Henry Crossman upon that occasion. "We lounged on the Common," he says, "and saw the different military companies form and afterwards took a good position on Beacon Street where we beheld the whole procession. It went by pretty fast, and it took an hour and twenty minutes for it all to pass by. I judge that the procession was about five miles long. There were cavalry, foot-soldiers, Free Masons, Irish societies, mechanics' associations, temperance societies, Odd Fellows, artillery, express companies, etc., etc., etc. The oration by Charles Sumner was to commence at three o'clock in Music Hall, after some preliminary music, prayer, etc. So at half-past two we went down to see if we could get a position near the entrance, so as to go in after the city government and those who had tickets had entered. We stood there two hours and a half in a crowd, long after those from the procession had

entered, and at last John Henry gave it up in despair, and left in order to reach the five o'clock train. But I told him I was going to be faithful to the end, and in a few minutes after J. H. left, the policeman began to let in one and another without tickets, and so I went in and reached a good position in the hall about five minutes before Sumner commenced his oration. I heard it all and it was grand. I will send it home."

One other influence apart from the college routine contributed an important element to John Dillingham's future career during his Harvard course. From the beginning of his residence in Cambridge, he was watchful of opportunities to visit relatives in Lynn and to time these visits so as to be at Friends' Meeting. Twice in 1862 he mentions the services of public Friends and it is easy to detect a vein of sympathetic appreciation of these opportunities. Thus to his brother Moses, the 2d of v mo., 1862:

"Last Seventh day I walked to Lynn, and arose next morning with Leeds [the late Professor Albert Leeds] at half-past four and walked over to Nahant, returning in time for meeting. We had a splendid time and are going again. Ducks were swimming all over the water. We watched one a great while as it floated leisurely near us by the shore. Finally we got

pretty near it and threw stones at it. I hit it on the back of the neck when it gave forth a peculiar sound, even the sound of wood. It was a decoy, and we had been sold!

“Second-day evening I went into Charles Coffin’s meeting at Father Taylor’s Prayer Meeting. The company sat fixed with attention while Charles Coffin spoke, for his manner was as earnest as that of any of them and he had in addition his own peculiar brilliancy. Father Taylor, who thinks everything of Charles Coffin, said after meeting that it was easy to see the advantage of Charles Coffin’s having been a Methodist before he was a Quaker—that these Methodist-Quakers are the best preachers. He thinks we need more of their zeal and they more of our quiet.”

The second instance is also in a letter to his brother, dated 14th of iv, '62: “Rachel Howland had a meeting in Boston yesterday. Charles Coffin of Maine was there and preached and prayed. Rachel Howland did finely. All were much interested. . . . Governor Andrew honored us by attending the meeting. At noon we went out to Lynn, where in addition to the other ministers was Sibyl Jones. In the evening many Friends gathered at Charles Coffin’s. There I had a very pleasant interview with Rachel How-

land, who wished to consult about the morality of Harvard life, with reference to sending her son there. Rev. J. C. Fletcher was there and he entertained the company admirably for over an hour with an account of the Waldenses of the Alpine Valleys, where he got his wife, after which we had a sitting, in which Rachel and Sibyl spoke and C. Coffin prayed."

Doubtless a definitely chronological history of the Harvard days, with pictures of the presidents and professors, would be much more satisfactory than these few glimpses. The letters at command afford no basis for such a history. There is a brief reference to the change of presidents, and in one letter to his parents he tells them that his brother Moses went with him to a lecture by Professor Agassiz. Further than this we are left to imagine the details incident to four years of strenuous struggle for the best that Harvard could offer. Near the conclusion in a letter to his brother the following seems to point to a restrained sense of triumph, under date of 5 mo. 8th, 1862: "Six weeks to Class Day and four weeks more of recitations. We shall have something to do." His parents and brother shared in the privileges of Commencement week, and so there are no letters to draw upon for accounts of it.

CHAPTER IV

TEACHING APPOINTMENTS

THE young men to whose names Harvard affixed the degree of A.B. in 1862, found themselves in a most unusual situation. The country had crossed the threshold of Civil War, and to many of them there seemed to be a strong call of duty to join the ranks and to fight for the Union. The few who did not feel this sense of duty, as well as that smaller number who had a conscientious objection to going to war, found themselves much in demand for other calls. Prior to graduation John Dillingham had taught several terms in district schools. Now an opening in a military boarding-school at Brattleboro, Vermont, was urged upon him. It was one of the best esteemed boarding-schools of that day, and he accepted the position as assistant to the Principal, C. A. Miles. For two years ensuing he occupied this post. His natural bent, so far as he knew it, was toward the profession of medicine, but a stern necessity to earn money at once, carried him into teaching. A measure

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of success at Brattleboro quite beyond his own expectation seemed to settle his life career and for forty years until the day of his death he held teaching positions.

There was much, however, in the routine of boarding-school life that was distasteful to him. The years at Brattleboro also were years of unsettlement, not alone as to life prospects, but as to the fundamentals of the religious life. The added resources of college training, not only in knowledge but in experience with men, had in some measure obscured the tender impressions of the "Grace of God" pictured in his childhood recollections. In other words, anything like a traditional faith had vanished before his enlarged intellectual vision. The vital spark remained, and finally revived into a new life and so transmuted all his rich store of knowledge and experience into religious character. That, however, is a chapter by itself and it is referred to in connection with his school appointments only because in an important sense it gave color to his course during those years.

The death of his brother Moses toward the end of 1863 accentuated his religious unrest, and under Providence finally became one of the instruments in settling his doubts. The two brothers were closely bound together, and as

John was the elder in years and college experience his relations to Moses were almost paternal. Upon entering Exeter in 1862 Moses had been assigned to a class one year below the point of his ambition. The following is John's view of the case:

"In these two years of preparation thou wilt make twice as much progress in knowledge and development as is generally made at College, and when in College thou wilt make twice the improvement thou wouldst have gained if thou hadst entered the Middle Class [the class of his ambitions]. I may safely say thy education has been trebled by taking another year of preparation. It is time gained and not lost. I have not a doubt that the years of thy life are made longer by taking this step. For with the trouble and vexation consequent upon entering both the Academy and College beyond thy depth, that peace of mind which ensures long life would be destroyed and thou wouldst fret away I know not how many years of lifetime in disappointment and despondency. Thou hast taken a year and put it at compound interest.—Besides, thy Academic and College days will be the happiest of thy life, and every year which can be added to them will be a blessing,—a clear gain in positive enjoyment. Why does young America wish

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to rush into life so early? Simply to be acquiring money early. But this life is a time for *improvement* not *acquisition*. Hereafter is the time to acquire, here we are to improve and prepare ourselves in intellect and in soul for the proper time of enjoyment which is hereafter. —A man is still young at thirty-seven, and he is quite young at twenty-seven. A Dillingham is very young at twenty-seven,—hardly mature enough to enter business. Dillinghams are long-lived and mature slowly; they are not at their prime till fifty, their boyhood reaches to their thirtieth year.”

Apart from school routine the Brattleboro circle was one of pleasant friendships and associations. He copied the following from the *Congregationalist* to inform his mother of his environment:

“Brattleboro is a town from which the most rational persons come away fairly raving about the beautiful scenery in which they have revelled. To my eye nothing was more charming than the handsome and manly youths of the Military School, whose behavior, both in the street and at church, would have made an old philosopher ashamed of his famous libel, ‘Boys are of all wild beasts the most audacious, fierce, plotting, and intractable.’”

The school household was presided over by the mother of the Principal. She and her two daughters were very friendly with the young teacher and much pleasant intercourse with them is referred to in home letters. He became well acquainted with the Higginson family and the mother of Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson (now of literary fame) loaned him her son's letters, written in the form of a diary from the seat of war.

Toward the conclusion of his Brattleboro experience he was confronted with the prospect of being drafted into the army. He wrote to his mother: "I have seen in this war no farther than this with reference to my taking part in it, namely, that I, myself, could not aim a musket at a man's life." When finally the call came it was from Falmouth and as his legal residence had been some time in Vermont he was exempted on this ground. In a letter printed in the *Phoenix*, a Brattleboro paper, under date of Cambridge, 14th of v, 1865, his view of war and of the feelings engendered by war find a somewhat spicy expression.

"DEAR PHOENIX: The printed epistle from Brattleboro which is hailed with a hearty welcome by your correspondent every Saturday morning can no longer be resisted and must have

an answer. But my pen cannot be restrained from running into these words of this morning's news—'Jeff. Davis is captured!' Cambridgians breakfasted on the news with great gusto. Everybody seems to know just what to do with Jeff. Davis. The assassination settled that case in a very few minutes. Mother Eve having long ago eaten of the fruit of the apple-tree and swallowed the seeds of this civil war, we, forsooth, are to pay the devil in his own coin by suspending Jefferson Davis as the ripest fruit of that transaction, on the sourest apple-tree we can find. But looking at the apple-tree thus wistfully, we may perhaps on close scrutiny discover in ourselves a hereditary likeness to our tempted Mother Eve, ourselves being tempted of evils bearing the aspect of virtues. While patriotism cannot be swelled to dimensions too full, yet bloodthirstiness we cannot stifle closely enough. 'Let Justice be done though the heavens fall,' only let it be pure justice and not revenge in its garb. In short, let that mind be in us which was also in Abraham Lincoln, and that shall be the righteousness to exalt his nation, and it shall be his own most fitting monument."

As will be observed this letter was written from Cambridge whence he had gone upon resigning his position at Brattleboro. The Principal of

the school parted with him most reluctantly, but the exactions of boarding-school life had become unbearable to him. At Cambridge some tutoring and a coveted opportunity for further study made a prelude to his engagement to go to Haverford College. The further study was rewarded by the college with the A.M. degree. The following view of student life after an absence of two years is taken from the letter to the Vermont *Phœnix* previously quoted :

“The burden of a letter from Cambridge must of course be Harvard University, which is the heart and nucleus of Cambridge. There is probably not a soul in Old Cambridge which is not kept within its appropriate body by means of Harvard University. . . .

“The stillness of all things here is stunning. There is no disorder on the part of the students. Each college building would almost shame a Quaker Meeting for quietness. Certainly, I think a family of five is generally more noisy than any of these six households of fifty young men each. Now and then an exception breaks upon your delighted ear; but soon all is still again as the hush before a storm (which storm will probably come on when the next Freshman class comes in, with very much of the usual mean haze in the collegiate atmosphere).”

At this writing John Dillingham was in the position of a college proctor. It gave him a room in one of the college halls and a stipend of \$2.50 a week in return for very light disciplinary duties. Tutoring at the rate of \$1.50 per hour seemed available for him in sufficient quantity to make a comfortable income. For several months his situation was most agreeable to his tastes, and the friendship with the Higginsons and through them with the Channings and other noted Cambridge families made an outlet for a social instinct that had been somewhat cultivated at Brattleboro.

During the summer of '65 an intimation came to him that there was an opening at Haverford College. He had already put aside a solicitation to go to Union Springs as Principal of the boarding-school there, and his first feeling in regard to Haverford was one of reluctance.

The disciplinary and administrative duties were too much like those that had been distasteful to him at Brattleboro. He sought advice from his friend Albert Leeds and received a semi-humorous reply. This, and some assurance of more professorial work than was at first proposed, assisted him to make a favorable decision. A portion of the letter from Albert Leeds may be of interest:

“I do not know, however, whether to advise you to take the position or not. If your life in Cambridge is a very pleasant one? If you find plenty of congenial company? If you will shortly be elected into a place like Gurney’s? If the professors admit you into their *kneipe*? do not come. Or if being about to study law, you know of some place where 300 friends of yours, who would rush at once to you for counsel, are deadly enemies of each other? Or if you are hand and glove with the corporators of some railroad company about to rush into a nice lawsuit? Or if any way you are situated more fortunately than hundreds of smart young fellows I see sitting in their boxes of offices, labelled Attorney at Law, a tremendously doing of nothing, why don’t go to Haverford.”

For thirteen years John Dillingham was a member of the Haverford staff. The death of President Gummere soon after he had entered upon his duties made some reorganization necessary. As Superintendent the burden of discipline fell to his lot. He immediately instituted an honor system that worked so well that the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board said publicly “that it seemed to leave little to be desired.” This success continued for two or three years, but for some reason it did

not become a settled system of discipline in the college and finally failed entirely to meet the requirements of the situation. At the end of ten years John Dillingham was succeeded by others in the discipline and after three years as a professor accepted an appointment as Principal in Friends' Select School, Philadelphia.

The thirteen years at Haverford, apart from college duties, were most important years in John Dillingham's life. His struggle for the realities of faith had resulted in a good measure of conquest before he left Brattleboro. This is somewhat portrayed in a letter to a good Brattleboro friend who had sent him a copy of a poem entitled, "Sing while you Work." The letter is as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"'Sing while you work.' I thank you for sending what I thank Mrs. Smith [the author] for writing. Just before me sits F—— L—— who seems like a song made flesh, and in him I read Mrs. Smith's piece perhaps before she ever wrote it. Such an one projecting his own harmony upon the world, finds all things beautiful and joyous; for in putting his hand to the work of the world, he instinctively strikes the keys which will discover the music to which he

himself is set. The field is the world, every touching-place of which is a melodeon key, whereon our work if it is in the truth makes music along with the music of the spheres. 'Awake psaltery and harp,' 'bring hither the timbrel,' 'the instrument of ten strings.' I will sing unto the Lord in that whatsoever my hand finds to do I will do it with my might as unto the Lord, making melody in my heart because my work accords with the divine harmony. Did you know that angels' harp strings are vibrating with the notes which our own faithful fingers touch while we toil here below? This is true Quaker music, authorized by the Psalmist,—that all our doings shall be the pulling of those strings, in the order of Divine suggestion and guidance, which will ring celestial chimes where mortal eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and where the joy in the presence of the Father and the holy angels accords with the tune our life for the current moment is telegraphing.

"But how wretched is the work of that man who cannot sing while he works. It may be this will be found a test, whether our work be in tune above, namely, the ability to sing while we do the work. Of course I have been too long a Quaker to believe that the real signification of a word is its outward and material applica-

tion, to believe for instance, 'to sing while you work' is solely a matter of *Acoustics*, any more than that Baptism is necessarily water, or any matter solid or fluid is conveyance of Communion. Now I can't sing by the '*do-re-mi*' process, nor whistle either but with closed lips. I think I do often sing while I work. If your soul sings, no matter whether its clothes do or not,—it is singing all the same. I should rejoice to think truly I was a Mendelssohn in that music, but that is far from me, whatever other resemblance a certain postscript may have fancied. I sent you the other day a photograph of my piano [Haverford College]. I drum a sorry tune on it, but it seems to suit the popular ear. What of that? Do I ring agreeable chimes above? I suspect not. On the contrary our only harmony, now so bountifully sent, is from above hither."

Better probably than any comment one could write, this letter represents the spirit in which John Dillingham entered upon his life of service. The note of harmony "from above hither" was the note which thenceforward to the end of his days he designed to express in act and in word. Apart from the college circle, avenues for this expression multiplied at his hand. He became an active contributor to the

Friends' Review. He wrote in the main on subjects of permanent interest and displayed an accuracy of scholarship altogether creditable to his college training. Some titles may be suggestive and may prompt some reference to bound volumes of the *Review*: "The Date of the Writing of the Gospels Traced Back," "On the Letter Attributed to Publius Lentulus Respecting the Personal Appearance of Jesus," "Importance of the Study of the Greek Testament." In a totally different class such papers as "Able and Willing," "The Inward Publican," "On the Testimony of Friends' Dress," give glimpses of a distinct development that was resulting from the new environment. As is well known it was a time of great unrest in the Society of Friends. The reaction in the West against what was called traditionalism seemed altogether iconoclastic from a conservative Philadelphia view-point. The religious fervor, however, that created the movement, made a sympathetic appeal to some groups of Philadelphia Friends. John Dillingham found himself in the midst of one of the most active of these groups. For three years after his Harvard experiences the very foundations of faith had been tested and he had finally felt the rock beneath his feet. Now the foundations of Quakerism for him were brought to

the same test. He could not be a traditional Quaker. He had written at Harvard in 1862: "I entertain great respect for the *vital principles* of the Quaker creed, but I am so observant of the Quaker principle of discarding religious formalities that I cannot conscientiously observe the Quaker formalities with regard to any peculiar demeanor, dress, or address."

In view of such a platform his complete identification with the type of Friend that believes there is a service in distinctive testimony-bearing becomes only the more interesting. He himself described the change by saying, "I received Quakerism as a conviction at Haverford College." A little of his attitude in the matter is disclosed in a letter written to a young Friend thirty-six years later. He says: "I think that at thy age I went through all the phases of the demurrer conveyed in thy letter. All young men who think for themselves doubtless do that. I can sympathize with their honest concern, and would not impose anything on them till the Spirit of Truth brings it to bear upon their vision of service through that method.

"I saw it [a distinctive dress] for myself as a silent language of specific service to the world, ---as a silent speaker of *distinctive* doctrines by a distinctive advertisement---while I was at

Haverford, where of course surrounding feeling was as blind to my view as I was blind to it myself. I have never felt a moment's unsettlement about that surrender these 36 years since. But that does not make it thy call, nor another's. Thou recognizest for thyself a certain field of work in which thou regardest a testimonial appearance as a possible obstruction. The Lord may want thy faithfulness in general Christianity among men for a season before he indicates thy place in a special Christianity, to be an exponent of special truths which are most fundamental, which are the very nerve and vitals of general Christianity itself. When these distinctive doctrines of Quakerism become opened to one as his distinct forte to uphold, for the better establishment of general Christianity, then he may be uneasy not to identify himself openly with the distinctiveness of his own true inwardness,—not to nail to the mast some sufficiently recognized flag of his select principles."

All which did not mean, as John Dillingham more than once protested, that the pure Gospel recognizes any "religious dress other than the 'fine linen, clean, and white,' which is 'the righteousness of saints.'"

Portions of an article entitled, "How it is with an outsider," and written by him for the *Wes-*

tonian, show how “he received Quakerism as a conviction,” and give some light upon the effect in his case of an education apart from the Society:

“I attended the Old Scholars’ Reunion at Westtown last summer, to find myself slightly in the same plight under which I remember a boy to have suffered one day when walking with a half-dozen of his playmates in the woods. Modesty was keeping him in the rear of our procession, and as the boys laughed out at something, he did the same; when one of them turned to him, and with a contemptuous glance exclaimed: ‘Humph! *you* need n’t laugh!’

“This sense of being an outsider in all reunions of Friends’ schools,—for I never attended any Friends’ school as its pupil,—though it never became uncomfortable, got most nearly so among that happy and delighted multitude at Westtown with whom I mingled, enjoying the proceedings almost as if I had a right in the same old scholarship. Yet even the remembrance of a nominal membership in the Committee for one period some time past, and the sense of universal welcome prevalent, could not altogether relieve a hanger-on from appreciating something of the feeling conveyed by the words: ‘*You* need n’t

laugh!’ Yet smile I did, and could rejoice with those who did so much rejoice.

“A thirty years’ connection with Friends’ schools as teacher is still consistent with saying that I was never otherwise scholar in any. The nearest approach thereto was in having a brother in the Friends’ Boarding School at Providence, or more particularly when, after managing to get through Harvard College, I went down to Newport, Rhode Island, and attended the Yearly Meeting. There, in 1862, was announced a generous donation of Joseph Metcalf for scholarships in aid of needy students. Amidst ensuing expressions of gratitude by Friends, I was stirred with the presumption to raise a boy’s voice in what was my maiden speech in a Yearly Meeting:—I hoped that this bequest was the ushering in of the time when no young Friend need stay away from the school by reason of poverty. After the meeting, most kindly notice was taken of the upstart by some, and especially by good old Samuel Austin, who said: ‘If thee inclines to go to Providence School, I think I can assure thee that provision will be made.’ I gratefully informed him that, while the kind offer would have been acceptable formerly, yet just having finished the course at Harvard College, I must now forego further schooling.

“ Thus being rightfully out of all old scholars’ associations of Friends’ schools, I need not laugh as they laughed. And when I go up to the Harvard reunions I cannot laugh, so many of my classmates in these thirty-five years have passed out of sight, and I find myself at times in the long procession of the unknown. I feel most a stranger where I graduated, and least a stranger where I am not a son. They that are of the faith are the seed of Abraham, and the sons of his flesh may be aliens to his commonwealth. It is the sonship of principles that makes one at home here, and alienation of principles a stranger at his own cradle.

“ This brings me to the old scholarship of principles, in which I refuse to be a Westonian outsider. I received Quakerism as a conviction while at Haverford as a teacher. Though good Charles Yarnall had years before written letters to encourage my going to a Friends’ college instead of Harvard, yet a necessity seemed to direct my going to Cambridge. I have learned to look on this, if not as providential, yet as overruled for some good, in my case. I was likely to have let in a chronic recalcitrancy against all that savored of Quakerism, had I been in the constant outward pressure to know

nothing else, before the inward life was awakened to respond to it.

“I do not recommend a course in prodigals-ship as a preparation for a home-coming to stay, in a filial sonship. But it has seemed turned to some service at times since that I then took in a panorama of the professing churches in and about Boston, and would fain have filled my liberal appetite with the husks of an unwaiting worship and a non-waiting ministry, in all the rounds that I went:—till, once upon a time, when I saw a ‘plain bonnet’ on Washington Street, I mentally sprang to salute it. A further lingering among the churches and other ways of thinking brought me to a preparation for a Friendly atmosphere once more; which, now that the glamor of other professions was worn off, was witnessed to my deepest judgment as of the Truth.

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“I do not commend an education away from Friends’ schools, as mine was, even though for me it may have been (but I know not that it was) the shortest road for that which Friends’ schools are for. Neither do I regard an opportunity for a comparative view of sects and their principles, as necessarily dangerous to all. But some are not in a state for such a course; others may be confirmed in their birthright by it. At

one stage of the same person's life it would be dangerous; at another stage it might be settling. The Guide of our lives knows where best to place us from time to time."

As the views of the type of Quakerism he embraced found expression in *Friends' Review* and elsewhere, he was surprised to learn how satisfying they were to many exercised hearts. A quotation from a letter of Gertrude W. Cartland is in keeping with much else in this line that might be noted:

"My husband desires me to add that thy article ['On the Testimony of Friends' Dress'] and the 'Letter of John G. Whittier' [commending that article], have been to him a source of much encouragement, and he trusts that wielding as you do 'the pen of ready writers' you will continue thus to throw your influence, as occasion calls, toward sustaining our Christian tenets, which seem of late to be assailed not so much from without as within our own household."

The change at Haverford in the type of John Dillingham's Quakerism need not be pursued further. He never regarded it as anyway apart from his Christian experience, and its basis may be more clear in the chapter devoted to that subject.

LEVIN FOUNDATIONS



DILLINGHAM HOMESTEAD. WEST FALMOUTH, MASS.

The event of most particular importance to John Dillingham in the Haverford period was his marriage to Mary Pim of Dowingtown, 20th of VII, 1871. He had a special susceptibility to family ties, and the happiness of his own home seemed to him the very richest of the favors of Heaven in his life. The birth of a son and four daughters into this home made these ties particularly real. The son was early taken from the group, but the daughters grew to womanhood and gave their father the satisfaction of seeing them in homes of their own with fond grandchildren to engage his interest and his childlikeness in play with them. It was always interesting, however, to observe how this family feeling seemed to include and not exclude the home of his youth. Till the day of her death at the advanced age of ninety-two he was the same devoted son to his mother in Falmouth. The practical result of this feeling made him belong in a very large degree to two neighborhoods and to two circles of Friends.

In 1878 John Dillingham was appointed Principal of Friends' Select School at 820 Cherry Street, Philadelphia. In a measure at that time the school for girls and the school for boys were consolidated in management, although in separate buildings and under two Principals. Upon

62 LIFE OF JOHN H. DILLINGHAM

the removal of the schools to Sixteenth Street in 1885, the idea of consolidation had grown, and in 1891 a Superintendent was appointed to complete the work of consolidation. John Dillingham continued as senior teacher until his death in 1910. His special service during the thirty-two years of teaching in Philadelphia was that of quiet, personal influence upon the characters of the children who passed through the school. It falls to the lot of few in this world to have the confidence of a larger number of young people in matters of spiritual moment to them. This is dealt with more particularly in the chapter on John Dillingham as teacher.

CHAPTER V

JOHN H. DILLINGHAM AS TEACHER ¹

“Friendly the teacher stood like an angel of Light there amongst them.”

IN this striking word picture from “The Children of the Lord’s Supper,” the poet Longfellow anticipated, and in a sense prophesied, that modern declaration of educators, that “with the teacher personality counts for everything.” Any attempt, therefore, to picture a teacher’s influence and life work must reduce itself very largely to the difficult task of translating personality into words. In the final analysis all would recognize that such a written sketch would be imperfect; but, as various points of view are somewhat elaborated, something of the merit of a composite picture may be obtained. It is a privilege to make the attempt thus to delineate one so well beloved as our late friend John H. Dillingham. He was nearly fifty years in various positions in the Society of Friends as a teacher, and the mark of his character for good

¹ Reprinted from *The Westonian*.

extended not only to his pupils, but through them to widely separated circles.

So far as school is concerned, the personality of a teacher has two ready avenues of expression. One is the class-room and the recitation; the other, the school at large in its various group activities. John H. Dillingham was particularly potent in the latter, which perhaps is the larger of these two fields. No doubt as a class teacher under conditions suited to his gifts, he could have made a brilliant mark. Some classes of his will long be remembered for a lively interest and attention of the very highest order. His method in this line of work might be described as the magnetic method. To succeed it required that the class should be naturally and eagerly interested, so that there should be the active discharge as of electricity between the negative and positive poles. One such Cæsar class made a marked impression of his ability throughout the School. A member of the class, a boy of somewhat sluggish powers, specially urged the Principal to visit it. There was no pause from start to finish in the highly electrified condition of the whole class. When the hour ended and this boy passed the Principal at the door, he exclaimed, "Was n't it magnificent?"

The effect of a teacher's personality upon the

mass of a large school is a matter that might easily escape notice. The word spoken, and the act of interest and sacrifice done, get built into character quite unconsciously; and, more often perhaps than not, no credit is given for them and no gratitude felt. The true teacher hardly realizes this, for his reward is the scholar's development and success. As years passed at Friends' Select School, incidents, however, accumulated that revealed John Dillingham's power; and now that he has gone from us there may be no better way to disclose this than by recounting some of them. As in most such cases the unwritten history will be the largest, and doubtless in many respects the most impressive.

One morning quite early the door of the School office was opened by the father of one of the boys. He was a man of influential place in a great corporation. Usually some other member of the family would represent the boy's interest at the School, and the father's coming instantly created the feeling that something serious was wrong. He requested a private interview, so he was invited to a seat in the Superintendent's office and the door was closed. "Have you a teacher," he said at once, "known as Master John?" Upon the affirmative answer he proceeded to say that it had become very evi-

dent at home that this teacher was the most influential factor in forming the boy's life. So far as they knew they had a good boy; but, in spite of every effort on their part, they were not training him to the essential habit of punctuality. Could it not be arranged, then, that this teacher should take up this subject at some suitable time after the morning Bible reading, or in the religious meeting? The father was assured that his wishes would be respected and that the matter would be put before the teacher. As the door closed upon his departure a new vision of John H. Dillingham's place with the children brought a sense of gratitude for such a favor. He hardly knew this boy by name and only met him in the public assemblies or in passing through the halls. And yet so great had been the effect upon him of John H. Dillingham's spoken words that the parents in all seriousness had counted upon these as sure succor in their extremity.

Perhaps it was not long after this incident that one of the brightest and most promising girls in the School died quite suddenly. She belonged to a home to which the poet's description might apply:

"All that could charm the exquisite sense,
And please the soul was there."

Her life, however, had not been devoid of religious interest. She had taken part appropriate to her years in church activities, and had belonged to the Sunday-School. Calling a member of her family to her bedside when she realized that her end was near, she said that her chief comfort in that hour was her recollection of what she had heard in the "Wednesday meeting at School," particularly from our dear friend John H. Dillingham. The judgment of such a child at such a time sweetly reveals the hidden springs that nourish the spiritual life.

Not entirely unlike this instance was another of a much younger child, also quite suddenly taken from loving parents and schoolmates by what seemed an untimely death. In arranging for her funeral her parents, although ardent church people, represented that the child's religious life had been so inwrought with what she had heard from John H. Dillingham's lips, that they could not be satisfied unless they had him to conduct the funeral services. They were assured of his sympathy and interest, and told that he felt a drawing to attend the funeral, but that it would be inconsistent with his convictions to have it announced that he would conduct a service. However, through some misunderstanding, at the appointed hour it was

stated that John H. Dillingham would open the service with prayer. Soon it was discovered that he was not in the house. A delayed trolley-car had made him late. When finally he did arrive he found a customary service in course. At its conclusion a solemn pause opened the way for a message that melted the hearts of all in a sense of special favor. So the influence of a teacher on a little child made the way for a demonstration of a ministry not subject to the arrangement of man.

Once more a funeral incident is made the occasion of exhibiting the grip which our friend had upon some of his scholars. A young woman, a graduate of the School, had found an active life of Christian work in one of the large evangelical bodies of the city, arrested by an incurable disease. More than one of the prominent ministers of her denomination had her under observation during her illness and gave her kindly ministrations. As the end approached, however, she told her parents that her choice would be for a Friends' funeral, if her beloved teacher would be present. So it came to pass that after very brief remarks by two of the best known ministers in the city, one of them announced that the manner of Friends in waiting in silence would be observed. This silence John Dillingham broke

with testimony and prayer, and once more the influence of one man as a teacher came to stand as a testimony for the great principles that gathered the Society of Friends as a people.

One naturally would like to analyze an influence of this kind into its elements and to say how such a character could be made. This we recognize is quite impossible; but the dominant notes of such lives can often be recognized and noted down. In John Dillingham's case, perhaps, it would be readily agreed that his nature was first playful, then sympathetic, then spiritual. This trinity of qualities by no means exhausts the list of his characteristics; but as a teacher these were the winning traits and worked together to make him so well beloved. It may, therefore, be worth while to observe how these traits manifested themselves and what response they had with children.

John Dillingham's playfulness always seemed like the survival of the child spirit into adult life. It was perfectly natural, not assumed or acquired as an educational method. Doubtless many of his friends thought, and some had observed, that it seemed very akin to the childlike spirit commended by the Lord Jesus. Children recognized it at once as putting him upon their own platform, and so they were at home with

him. Often as he would pass through the School playground he would notice some small child separated from the groups engaged in games, perhaps by shyness or oddity, and without a word or sign he would make a sudden opportunity to tag such and then to run. Surprised out of his unnatural condition of body and mind, the child would pursue him; and, ever after, without knowing why, the playground would be a place of attraction to such a child and the School feel like home to him. In quite the same way our friend would slip into the indoor play-room of the little children and by a few moments' play with them would clear the atmosphere of any contention about the rules of the game or the order in which the players should have part. Indeed, his last school act was thus to enliven a group having their recess indoors. Nor was the service of this quality of playfulness confined to children. Repeatedly John Dillingham was the instrument in companies of adults, arranged for relaxation, of breaking the ice of stiff convention and soberness of feeling by some very childlike act of play. One instance will doubtless suggest many to his circle of friends. It was the occasion of a teachers' picnic on the Brandywine. Members of three school staffs made up the company. Two at

least of the number hardly knew John Dillingham. Seeing his demure face and his broad-brimmed hat, one said aside to the other that they would have to be on their dignity. No sooner, however, had he entered one of the boats in waiting than he lifted his hat from his head and dropped it complacently into the water, as if to say to these doubtful members of the party, "We shall all relax together to-day."

In the matter of sympathy John Dillingham was gifted in a way peculiarly his own. He could hardly be said to have that magnetic manner that takes all by storm. Indeed, he was reserved and at times with strangers apparently embarrassed and hesitating. With children and with certain classes of adults, these characteristics were no bar to an immediate understanding. Thus in a neighborhood of fisher folk in New Jersey where he was for many years much interested, he was accepted immediately as belonging to the circle of understood friends. Doubtless this is explained by the simple fact that both these classes are attracted more by what is done for them, than by what is said to them. John Dillingham's peculiar power of sympathy was in no small measure due to his gift in discovering the special interest of a child and in some unexpected way ministering to it.

For one he would save rare postage stamps; for another, clippings from a paper in regard to poultry; for still another, illustrations of the newest type of flying machine. It was often a marvel to his associates on a school-staff, not only that he knew a child who had no recitation to him, but that he also knew that child's special talent or predilection.

So these two qualities of playfulness and sympathy prepared the way in John Dillingham's association with children for a remarkable exercise of the highest of all power, the spiritual. There have been few more remarkable instances amongst Friends of living a life wholly given up to Divine guidance. This principle of guidance was quite as active, and certainly as fruitful, in school, as in affairs of his meeting. His own phrase for it, "a quickened sense of higher responsibility," found a very special scope of action during the pauses of devotion following the School Bible reading. Times without number children were surprised to have their special perplexities cleared up, or their suffering of the moment alleviated, by a few well-chosen words, that always seemed like a message from the inner sanctuary. Nor was that larger unit, the School as a whole, omitted from these exercises. After twenty-five years of service it was still a

surprise, to those who had observed him through it all, how the active life of the School gave him new texts, and brought home to the listeners the old lessons of truth, and of loyalty to duty, and of fidelity to principle, in a way so striking that they were not only effective for the moment, but came to have a permanent life in the best traditions of the School. This gift of influence in spiritual things was not alone exercised, perhaps not principally exercised, in the open form of speaking to the School. More and more as the years passed John Dillingham was sought privately by children for spiritual counsel and help. Not a few found their way to his side with no more definite feeling than that he was an avenue through which blessings would descend from above. Nor were such disappointed. Sometimes very little might be said by our friend; sometimes on bended knee he would plead as for his own dear child. In any case it would seem that heaven had descended in blessing upon the seeking soul.

Perhaps there could be no more fitting epitome of John Dillingham's spiritual message to school children than some words spoken in Lausanne, Switzerland, near the time of his death. They formed part of an address by a Pastor Secretan at a distribution of prizes to

pupils of the elementary schools. "Love your teachers," he said. "Love is the fulfilling of the law (Romans 13: 10). Love is also the secret of good study, and I think all the art of education is included in love. To acquire love, do you know what is necessary? Prayer. You should pray for your teachers as they pray for you. Pray every day and you will discover how your hearts will become capable of love and you will also discover how your faculties will grow, and how your characters will acquire breadth and strength because you pray and live in communion with the Father who is in heaven." Nor does such a programme for a school in any sense minimize what modern education has developed of motive and method for progress. Rather it gives the strength and serenity of life which best make all these things possible. How often and how beautifully has this inspiring ideal been pictured for teachers and pupils by our departed teacher!

It must, then, in some sense be clear that the secret of John Dillingham's power was the open secret of the spiritual life. Like the beloved apostle whose name he bore, a growing benignity of countenance and of word and of act, as the years passed, proclaimed a fellowship with the spiritual verities to be in the reach of all.

“The little heaven to go to heaven in,” to which he frequently referred, was the atmosphere he made in the School he loved so well. And so it seemed fitting that heaven should descend upon him as he sat at his work there, and that this view of death as bringing heaven nearer, which he had so often proclaimed, should be the concluding lesson of his long devotion to the School.

CHAPTER VI

DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS LIFE

It was said of the pioneer Quaker George Fox that he "was no man's copy." In a very important sense this must be said of every vital Christian. The fundamentals of faith are matters for each individual to work out with his God, unless they are to be meaningless forms. For thirty years John Dillingham appeared in the circle of Philadelphia Friends as a conventional Quaker of the conservative type. The fact that none of the prescribed avenues for such training had brought him to that position makes his case of peculiar interest and value. He did not have the advantages of Friends' schools, his college training was in an atmosphere of freedom, that had for its key-note "try all things," his first teaching appointment was under conditions quite antagonistic to the Quaker position and his second introduced him for a decade to an active but honest circle of Quaker reactionaries. The steps of the process by which he reached his final position cannot

all be traced in the meagre records in hand. The first steps, however, are clear, and these first steps reveal the process that made the man.

Those twilight talks at his mother's knee, and that striking incident of his childhood when he felt the "work of grace" so powerfully that ever after he could refer to the experience for help, make it clear that his childhood was not without a recognized measure of religious life. As his college course progressed and the need of greater clearness in religious perception developed, he had the experience by no means unusual under similar circumstances of drifting far from shore and of feeling very uncertain of his bearings. Some letters of that period portray this situation, his struggle with it and his final victory. They form a chapter of valuable religious history and save such notes as will make them a more or less connected narrative, they require little editorial comment. The first is a letter to Lydia Cartland, the wife of Silas Cartland of Portland, Maine. She more than once sounded a note of hope for John Dillingham either in her public ministry or in private interviews:

"BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, 20, VII, '64.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"I can call thee nothing less, my impulse is

to hail thee as a dear sister. Rejoice with me that thou hast been made a heavenly blessing to a spirit which without that evening's interview would have gone on its way the next morning in sadness, I think, at a feeling of unfitness for being loved by God or fellow-men. Too prone have I always been to give way to such a feeling in my present place of employment, and especially was I borne very low down under the gloomy burden of that feeling during most of the preceding winter and spring, and was about to leave my home on the morrow in full expectation of carrying with me the same old state of loneliness through another term of service here. But while thou wast favored to speak to me, the burden began to be lifted, and when the Good Spirit sent thee again, to complete thy work with that which went straighter to my heart than words, it seemed as if the love of God came to me through thee and that I was not utterly unlovable to his human creatures if one of them could so sweetly call me 'a dear brother.'

"I left my home, and have passed the subsequent time in this place under an almost constant covering of love and peace. The future which thou didst depict for me has been seeming too glorious to be attained by me. Wonders and unthought of experiences, miracles, let me say,

seem necessary to await me before from the present Slough of Despond I reach those Delectable Mountains. Such attainment seems vastly distant. I do not see it. I thank God if thou didst see it for me. I feel somewhat how low the present still is, may I trust Him as to the future. Pray for me that no slip may occur on the way to make me fall short of the prize of the high calling.

“For the past and present there seems to be a mystery in the providence that is shaping my ends. In one aspiration I was favored with success—that of going through a course of study. In the next move I had proposed—that of becoming possessor of a profession, or of a fixed business—I seem to be set adrift with no certain prospects. If the interference be of God, as my trust declares, it means something. Again, I am all along pretty much cut off from contact with the Society of Friends. . . . Is it that I may become absolved from traditional opinion, to the building up of a faith that is *my own*, which proceedeth not from Friends, but from the very spirit of Truth? . . . Let me confess my most lamentable and impoverished state, in that I know not where I stand. Every movement, spiritual or temporal, is a farce because I am unsettled, having no strong basis of estab-

lished conviction. Yet I am straining to see what seems out of sight and feel a most distressing need of some certain strong points on which to stand unshaken. Oh, for the Rock of Ages!

“I trust this state is wholly in the course of merciful discipline and I hope I may be spared to come out of it all the stronger for having been in it. *For doubt is the discipline of faith. Faith which has not been submitted to trial is hardly yet worth the name.*”

This state of doubt and discouragement seems unwittingly ministered to by a challenge from one of his old chums. Put on the defensive John Dillingham seemed able to make out a case for the great Source of faith. We should hardly call it a hopeless case.

“BRATTLEBORO, VT., 6, XI, '64.

“DEAR DENNETT:

“I have not time to write to you, but I do write because I don't want you to think I, in holy horror, am illiberally standing aloof from a correspondence in which I am to receive such Christless replies as you, in the sincerity, I doubt not, of your present state of mind, proffer for guidance to a darkened soul, as mine.

“As hunger corresponds to food and implies

its existence, so my craving for some definite Way, Truth, and Life in which to live, move, and have my being, implies that there is a supply. What is it, and where is it? You deny me Christ and what is left? Either a lapsing into indifference, Don't Care, and license of body and soul, or a recourse to one of the other systems of faith, a system which will have to be superior to Christianity. I have not examined Confucius or Mohammed or Zoroaster or Joseph Smith or Spiritism or myself sufficiently to judge adequately of their merits as rocks of ages on which to stand secure from the black and blue billows of my own doubt. Do you recommend these or any other in preference to Christ? No, you do not. For you say also, 'Progress to any one sincerely believing *any* creed that I have heard of is an impossibility.' Well, neither am *I* concerned to believe in any creed. It is not Creedism to which I give my thought, but Christianity, which seems to me quite distinct from Creedism and probably opposed to it. You think men's preaching has biased me. So it has doubtless. Therefore I give up what any man may say or write, and look to the Gospels themselves as the fount from which all other Christian writings are drawn. I look to the Gospels (in the original), to see

what they will tell *me*, and to find whether they will impress me with the same convictions others have derived from them and about them. To me, reading those Scriptures *with a candid mind*, they will come home as the words of eternal life, *if such they be*. Otherwise I must look for the words of eternal life elsewhere, for somewhere they are, and available, else God hoaxes mankind when in the universal appetite for a revelation, He reveals that a revelation there is.

“You make an insinuation or two about Jesus Christ. These I leave. To apologize for Him would be a blasphemy or two. Some professing Him, I fear, magnanimously take Him under their patronage to defend Him. I should think my faith in Him would be infinitesimal, were it not too great for that.

“HE IS THAT HE IS.

“You say He undoubtedly taught a truth or two. I don’t know what truth He taught, unless *all* He said was truth. If I am to winnow any chaff from the wheat of the Gospels, I am as bad off as before, not knowing among things supernatural what is truth and what not. I think Jesus Christ might as well have taught no truth at all if He was a liar in announcing: ‘He that believeth in me, though he were dead,

yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' If that declaration is one of the one or two truths you say he taught, then *all* He taught was truth, otherwise there is as yet no credible gospel of eternal life revealed to man, and it is a matter of indifference how I let myself slide. One thing will be as good perhaps as another. But I have written enough of this, not having qualification to say a word of it perhaps."

Four months later from the same source John Dillingham hears of a report that he was looking favorably to joining the Roman Catholic Church. His answer is a further chapter (or continuance of the former one), in the development of his religious life.

"BRATTLEBORO, VT., 27 March, '65.

"DEAR DENNETT:

"As you suppose, McCarthy went too far in supposing that I was looking favorably toward the Catholic as my future church. I am, I hope, putting myself in a position of candor towards all forms of religious faith while looking about for that church which shall come home to my conviction as the true one. I have been hoping and still hope by going to Cambridge (or else-

where) to have better opportunity of satisfying my religious wants, than I can have here. My own efforts can aim only at acquiring intellectual satisfaction; spiritual satisfaction must come from a spiritual source: and I am persuaded it will come, in so far as I *act* upon my intellectual convictions. Chiefly, I want to satisfy myself of the *Authority of the New Testament*. Of course till that is done, I cannot decide upon Catholicism or any mode of Christian faith. . . .

“Do you construct air castles any longer? Do you expect to work through life as through a piece of drudgery, or does life still retain much of poetry for you looking forward into it? That you are in for a profession shows that hope has not left you. Cherish hope. It is the only food of happiness; it is the poetry of life; it is the daylight of the soul; it is the good coloring of all things; it is the strength of the strong; it is the life of the living.

“Excuse all my letters. When I come to life I hope to write you a good one. For these few years past I have been a somnambulist. There have been several pleasant dreamings and several nightmares. But where were the realities? Where is Truth? I shall answer this question sometime. May it not be altogether a post-

mortem answer. If life be hid with Christ in God, welcome then, oh, Christ! (Would n't some mediatory channel between us and the great absolute, be a convenience?) ”

Another friend of this period debated these difficulties of faith with John Dillingham, apparently in a very different spirit. Albert R. Leeds had come to Harvard during 1861. A friendship had promptly grown up between the two, and there is note that they were much together, oftenest in attending meetings at Lynn, and in visits to Lynn Friends. At Brattleboro, when John Dillingham entered fairly into conflict with doubts, he turned naturally, therefore, to Albert Leeds with the confidences for which their friendship had prepared him. The first letter of that correspondence is not at hand, but its concluding sentence is quoted in the first letter from Albert Leeds in reply to it, as follows :

“ If Christ be that firm basis, on Him as the Rock of Ages, may I stand right speedily, and be a man and have life, and be strong and never die.” This sentence defines very clearly the *quest* which at that time engaged the utmost energy of soul of these two earnest young men. Albert Leeds applied the test of Scripture to it and sent in reply numerous Scripture refer-

ences which John Dillingham wrote out in his exercise-book in the form in which they are herewith printed. This Scripture-searching in both cases had a deeply affecting interruption in which the young men found the "Rock of Ages" in a heart experience that enabled them to rise above what otherwise would have been overwhelming grief. Albert Leeds's father died suddenly in Philadelphia, in Ninth Mo., 1864, and John Dillingham's brother quite as suddenly in Falmouth during the previous autumn.

The one available letter of John Dillingham's in this correspondence is as follows:

" BRATTLEBORO, 18-24 Oct., '64.

TO A. R. LEEDS:

"In a natural state what should I write that would not be dubious and valueless? How shall I find the truth? is still my question. *Where* I shall find it I am told by a cloud of witnesses. The testimony in which I prefer to rest my confidence says, 'In Christ and him crucified.' That is *where*. But how? No Christ comes before my spiritual vision; my imagination fails to construct or depict one. I grasp at the mist. Shall I surrender myself to the unspeakable nothing which I seem to see and call it Christ? or will He in my heart be born of the Spirit,

so that I can see Him as something and not as a holy blank,—[rather] as a divine and saving reality to whom I am called upon to yield myself unto salvation? This straining after faith I find to be unsuccessful. It seems that faith cannot be of ourselves: it is the gift of God. Shall I lie supinely then and wait for it? How the questions come up, don't they? to make the truth contradict itself. I know not what is to be done, then, but to say, 'I must give up,' and here may be a man's spiritual crisis. When he is brought by his perplexity and discouragement to say 'I must give up' everything depends on whether he gives up to unconcern and indifference (which is death) or to God in helplessness. 'Submit yourselves, therefore, to God.' The future sceptic and the future Christian travel a common road till they come to where they say 'I give it up'! Here the paths diverge. You thenceforth become one thing or another according to whether you submit yourself to God or to Don't Care,—to Life or to Death.

"You say truly that no one can teach another, but it must be God who teaches each one. I have looked after light in able works, excellent commentaries, most cherished religious books, but very trivial satisfaction comes from book-

searching. It seems best to limit one's self to Scripture-searching, and in the Scriptures I have set out to confine myself to the Gospels in the original and to peruse them by the light of no man's annotations or explanations, but only by such light in my inner self as may be given me. For I want nothing from other minds to bias me, but I want to read them as if I alone of all the earth was having the first reading of them. Will not the spirit, as I thus proceed, set the Scriptures in their true light before me and by them make me wise unto salvation? When that shall have been done, I may with impunity read the best of the other books to confirm me wherein they are able to confirm and not to shake me where they are too human, because I shall have that Ἄγιον Πνεῦμα which fans the chaff from the wheat.

"I have long been looking forward to obtaining an intellectual conviction of the authenticity of the Scriptures before I should rest my spiritual faith in them. I have been waiting for a chance to investigate—historically and otherwise. But it seems that a message of salvation given to each and every person in the world is to be accepted on better grounds of faith than historical evidences. For who in 1000 has the time, means, or ability to thread them each

for himself? It cannot be that each must go back 2000 years to prove the truth, but if saving truth it be, it must be saving truth now and here to each man. There must be something intrinsic in the revelation itself to make it come home to the soul as the very breath of life more accessibly and effectually than by the round-about way of critical research. No matter what are the mundane circumstances of its origin, time, or place, does what I am reading come home to my inmost conviction as the very truth? If it does it is revelation enough. I know nothing about Peter, James, or Matthew, but this little sentence here is true and so divine, and lo! here is a cluster of wonderful spiritual facts and in short the book is crowded with them. I have never seen anything like it. There are systems of belief which profess to set forth the Way, the Truth, and the Life to men but this book sets forth the sublimest, the purest, and the best. If God has provided mankind with any general revelation, the Gospel must comprise that revelation. . . . If I cannot betake myself to the words of Jesus, I despair of a revelation.

“Let me proceed to consider then and make always new discoveries in them that they are the words of eternal life. If as I read them I

do not become more certain of them as conveying revelations from on high, surely all other sorts of evidence will be useless to me. If the road runs by my door, why should I go to the beginning of the road to enter it?

“Such are some of the thoughts that rather appease some of my difficulties. I cannot tell you how much of what I have written I think to be so and how much I suppose it best to think. I do not know. Nevertheless something in it may be of use to you, as much in a free exposition of your state would be to me. Which disclosure I hope to receive from you, knowing that in writing out the same you will be better taught and confirmed in the truth than you would by anybody’s instructions: even as I in the present writing have become instructed. I am eager to read and in a few weeks, perhaps, to hear of the many things you have to say. I wish I had something to say, too, that when I see you, there might be a fair interchange. But I fear you can expect nothing from me. But I wish that both you and thousands smitten under sin might see, sure, safe, and certain cause to expect much and very much from me, auctore Deo.”

John Dillingham makes note of the letter to

which the above is a reply in writing to his mother as follows: "His letter is very valuable to me in the evidence he gives of having been long a seeker after the Truth. He laid hold of some religious aspirations I expressed in my last letter to him to confirm and encourage them by noting at least one hundred and twelve Scripture references in his letter to me, by which I hope to derive infinite profit as I look them out." He not only did look them out, but wrote them out carefully. The exercise is printed as a part of this history. It shows how influential Scripture was in establishing John Dillingham's faith.

"If Christ be that firm basis, on him as the Rock of Ages may I stand right speedily, and be a man, and be strong, and never die."

"If Christ be that firm basis."

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 3:11.

"Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Is. 28:16.

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy

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temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit. Eph. 2: 20-22.

"On Him as the Rock of Ages."

See Ps. 18: 1, 2, 31, and 78: 35.

"And that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10: 4.

"He only is my Rock and my salvation; he is my defense; I shall not be greatly moved."

Ps. 62: 2.

"And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Is. 32: 2.

"May I stand right speedily."

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6: 2.

"And be a man."

"Put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him."

Col. 3: 10; Eph. 4: 23, 24.

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Eph. 4: 13.

"And have life."

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish,

neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." John 10:27, 28.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." John 11:25, 26.

"Thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

John 17:2, 3.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23; 5:21.

"If that which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son, and in the Father. And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." 1 John 2:24, 25.

"And this is the record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

1 John 5:11, 12.

"And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him

that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."

John 5:20. *See also* 1 John 1:1-3.

"And be strong."

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

1 John 2:14.

"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak then am I strong."

2 Cor. 12:10.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

1 Cor. 16:13.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Is. 40:31; Ps. 27:14.

"In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

Is. 45:24.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

Eph. 6:10, etc.

"The Lord will give strength unto his people."

Ps. 29:11.

"The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Ps. 27:1.

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."—"They go from strength to strength."

Ps. 84:5 and 7.

"And never die."

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." John 11:26.

"Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God; who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." 2 Tim. 1:8-10.

This fragmentary correspondence with two friends, one impeaching the faith in which John Dillingham was struggling to become settled, the other candidly appealing for help with real difficulties, put him in a sense upon his mettle and, as he confesses, was good for him. It shows something of the process by which the strong evangelical note of the authority of Holy Scripture became blended with a dominating sense of the authority of the Spirit. During the thirty years of his public ministry these notes were always struck in harmony.

A few entries are included in the Harvard exercise-book from which these letters are copied,

that serve as further way-marks in this religious history. Under date of 18 of XI, '63:

“I feel more sensibly how religion is a thing to be aspired for. I do not view it as implying dejection of spirit, or disquietude of soul, or self-distrust, or any low abasedness and self-accusation. Those who try to harness on any such disposition before they can fancy themselves as properly and comfortably religious, had better be satisfied to remain outside of that [supposed religious] state, for thereby they remain outside of a state of spiritual affectation. Nay, rather, religion is something splendid and entertaining. It implies whatever is best and happiest. It implies manly self-respect, which is only another name for confidence in the ever-present Helper. It implies a hearty relish and appreciation of whatsoever is Good, True, and Beautiful; for such things are the things of God. Let us cleave to those things as being the nearest representations of Him we have on earth. As the mind is on God who outweighs the most worshipful men and women, so we are self-possessed as being above them because we are in Him.

“8 of XI, '63.”

“I can now understand more vividly than before, how Christians feel with regard to Jesus

by my feelings with regard to our departed Moses. Am I in any suffering? Moses suffered; and it is a joy to suffer in sympathy with him. His sufferings have power to strengthen me in all that I can undergo. Is labor and activity irksome to me? What were the labors and exercises of my brother on his eventful bed! Surely all the effort I may make in my earthly mission cannot exceed the strain and work through which he was led so victoriously. If Moses is such an exemplar to me, I can understand how the life, sufferings, and death of our great friend and brother Jesus Christ may well affect the Christian believer.

“Does it not seem also that some of our affections have gone to Heaven with Moses? that our love of him has been turned into a love of Heaven inasmuch as *he* is heavenly?”

Without date, the following evidently belong to this period:

“God Manifest in the Flesh.”

“Our idea of God is derived from our knowledge of the only other intelligent persons we know of. We ascribe to Him the attributes of man. The ancient Jews, the Greeks and Romans formed their notion of Deity in this way, and we see

what sort of character they invested God with. They viewed Him as having many of the imperfections and bad passions of man. Why should they think otherwise? They had never known of a perfect person who might stand to their minds as a representative of God. Now Jesus Christ has been presented by the Father to the contemplation of the world, that we might form juster conceptions of the Deity, viewing Him through Jesus, His perfect human representative,—‘God manifest in the flesh,’ ‘in whom the Father is revealed,’ ‘He that hath seen me hath seen the Father also.’”

Again, “It is the peculiarity and beauty of the Christian faith that God is represented by it as *Our Father*. The religious education of the child is not so exclusively dependent on his mother’s instructions, as it is too commonly thought, because the father is solemnly responsible for the kind of idea the child acquires of the word *father*. If the person whom the child looks upon as his father is selfish, tyrannical, cruel, or base, then the child associates with the name father ideas of selfishness, cruelty, or baseness. What a low, if not blasphemous opinion the child must then obtain of our Father in Heaven!—having so many dis-

agreeable impressions of that which bears the name of father. When I consider that to the child's mind the earthly father stands in some measure as 'God manifest in the flesh,' I cannot exonerate him from a responsibility at least equal to that of the mother."

Again, "I do not conceive that God needed to be wrought upon by Christ's mission in order to save us, but that man needed to be wrought upon by it in order that he might be saved. Christ was for man and not for God. He was a news-bringer of salvation and a Guide to it suited to the 'constitution of man,' to the organization of things, and to the historical development of the human race. He was and is a necessity for man. 'God so loved the world' as to save it and to put man in the way of a glorious future. Would man have known this had not God revealed it to him? And what an effectual mode of revelation it was! presenting authority and wonderfulness through miracles, example through a Perfect Life, instruction through words such as never man spoke and bearing the stamp and seal of Divinity in everything. Supplying [also] in the person of his Son a link between Humanity and Divinity, a passageway between us and the Father such

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as the constitution of human nature requires. Yea, Christ is for us. His great message of the Father's ever-cherished Love is for us. His disclosure of somewhat of Divine Truth is for us. His deeds are for us. His Life is for us. His death is for us. Christ is the Voice of God—the Word. The Father's love might have existed without His telling us of it. But it makes all the difference in the world to us, whether we know it or not. God be thanked, then, for the glorious revelation of it through his Son. Who are *we* and what do *we* know, that we should criticise the way in which the revelation came to us, unmindful of the devoutest gratitude that it came at all?

“Let the conditions of salvation be what they will, I have naught to say against them. God knows what conditions are best for us. Suppose he had promised us the highest joys of His Kingdom unconditionally. Surely that would be giving us license to abandon ourselves to any and every form of vice and evil. That would be telling us that the downward road and upward road were without distinction the way to the purest happiness. No! Our Father makes no such contradictions. He has shown us in the life of Christ the true path that leads to glory. ‘Whither I go ye know and the way ye know.’

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The footsteps of Christ are to be followed by us, they were made for us. Let us tread in them ever onward, walk as He walked, love as He loved, worship as He worshipped, live, move, and have our being as He lived, moved, and had His being, even in the Father, and so be forever the blessed children of God with Him our Elder Brother."

One other source is available to show the development of John Dillingham's religious life. Something like two hundred home letters are extant. These are mostly written to his mother and they show how intimately confidential were the relationships between the two. After the death of his brother Moses and the memorable interview with Lydia Cartland pictured in the letter quoted at the beginning of this chapter, touching allusions to the religious life abound. The selections made for this narration include those that seem best to indicate his progress toward the stature of a full-grown man in Christ.

"BRATTLEBORO, VT., 16, XI, '63.

"I confess I have thought daily, not too much of the opinion of my colleagues but too little, of my God. That is I have thought of them and

their opinion to the exclusion of what should be uppermost in all my thoughts. But to-day I feel something of a victory in that respect, and a Christian self-respect. I really see how it was that grandfather Hoag forgot his constitutional bashfulness when his mind became full of the higher concerns of his religion.

“So we are as good as anybody so long as God our strength is better. We are never weak while our God is strong. For in Him we live and move and have our being. He is our life. So while we live in Him, we shall never die. To-day I have succeeded, as far as the will went, in living as unto Him, more uninterruptedly, it seems to me, than at any former day. The secret of religion is, I think, to carry God into our work and to work as unto Him. Work is worship, and going to meeting is only to fit us for this real practical worship.”

“BRATTLEBORO, 4, II, '64.

“I seem to see it as a truth that we act in error to strain and distress ourselves about our condition, neglecting to look above it; but that we should leave dwelling on our bad state and trust in God in peace and not in worriment. He will take care of our condition for us if we leave it to Him. Take it for granted in love to

Him that all is well, and as thy faith is so be it unto thee. Christ has made God our Father and not an austere retributive Judge. Leave fearful ideas of Jehovah to Old Testament Jews and accept the love of a benignant Father among gospel Christians who here and hereafter rest in Him."

"BRATTLEBORO, 9, VII, '64.

"I pray that thou mayest have divine companionship at any rate and so not be lonesome, and that the covering of love which was started in me through Lydia Cartland may not wear off but increase and multiply under the Infinite Love in Christ Jesus. And still more so than in me, may it abound in thee."

"BRATTLEBORO, 10, VII, '64.

"I have not felt at all inclined to go to the parlor wishing to be all the time by myself and to enjoy the comfort of my own feelings, such as I brought away with me from home and the Quarterly Meeting. I do not wish to disturb the impression constantly abiding with me, which Lydia Cartland left in my feelings, if it was Lydia Cartland and not an angel. She did me *good*. . . . If thou canst find out, tell me where she is going to be this summer."

“BRATTLEBORO, 15, VII, '64.

“If thy happiness is to keep pace with mine, thou hast occasion to feel very happy now, for I have been enjoying almost every minute since my return. It seems to me remarkable that others seem to see for me more clearly than I do for myself about my calling of the Lord. I hope I shall be led as clearly as they say they are about my mission when the right time comes. Lydia Cartland charged me not to depend upon seeing so very clearly at once but to be faithful from the first and the Lord would make it all right. I hope she saw it to be so.”

“BRATTLEBORO, 17, VII, '64.

“It seems something of a paradise here now. If God is in the garden with me, surely it is one, so that unfallen Adam might envy.”

“HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 2, IX, '65.

“I wish I could know very minutely and particularly how thou art feeling from moment to moment. Dost thou not find it rather up-hill work to feel like resigning me into the Lord's keeping? Resign or not, I have to be in His keeping all the same and it will work more smoothly under resignation than in spite of it. I fancy the Lord can have His way with us better

for twenty weeks as we are now situated. . . . Our bodies being near do not make company for each other, it is only nearness of spirit, and our spirits can never dwell more truly near to each other than when they abide in the same Holy Spirit. Let that be our Comforter. And if thou art anxious about me, remember that no principalities or powers can do worse to me than the Lord sees fit to allow, and to convert into blessing. On the whole things are safest in His hands and our worriment can do nothing better than to lead us to pray."

"HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 9, IX, '65.

"While I was unpacking to see so much that thou hadst had a hand in, was affecting to me, and made me glance forward to the time when thou who hast done so much for me, shouldst be gratified by seeing me again. And I wished that thy labors for me might amount to a rich return for thee in my well-doing here so that thou mightst enjoy far more satisfaction through my being here than if I had remained with thee.

"I went out last night and in my strolling about visited the orchard where I remembered having prayed when I was here before. There I had a good time last evening in prayer and was helped abundantly for thee and for father

and for myself, and then I was led on behalf of many I feel an interest in; Lydia Ann, Lydia M., Lot Fish and Cloe, Aunt Charity, Daniel Swift, Lydia Hoxie, Capt. Tobey, Minister Carter, Mercy and Ruth, Uncle Edward, and Lois Gifford."

"20, 9, '65.

"I took a little walk to-night, and though the country was rather different from that at home, I looked up and saw the same stars and heavens and felt at home while looking at them. It teaches us a lesson. Look aloft and we shall feel at home. Wherever we go we have with us the same heaven, the same Lord,

'Then why should one thought of anxiety seize us
Though distance divide us from those whom we
love;
They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,
Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions
above.'

. . . I have had nothing to do in the meetings but keep still. A further qualification of heart seems necessary in me for this place which is peculiar,—not at all like other places in the composition of its meetings for worship."

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“HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 9, x, '65.

“Since I wrote last, I have been led to gain in the secret of my heart more solid religious satisfaction than I have yet known. I have been led to resolve upon Christ as my Way, Truth, and Life. Now I know better where I stand, and feel a greater clearness and repose than I have yet known. I do not say that Christ has accepted me, only I have resolved to receive Him in the submission of him who said, ‘Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.’”

“HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 3, XII, '65.

“Something in the ordering of Supreme Wisdom has directed for these many years that the members of our family should be kept separate from each other. There is doubtless a purpose in it all, but it sometimes has a strange appearance to me, that those whose lives are the most intimately connected with each other should so much be deprived of each other's society, and that each should be alone in the world,—alone with God, let us have it.

“I have felt for thee very much, that thou hast had to resign two portions, as it were, of thy very self, the one to heaven, and the other to the wide world. Surely will not the Lord accept thy sacrifice? which perhaps will not

prove to be a sacrifice in the sense of final loss, for will not thy own be restored to thee, as Isaac was to Abraham, through the Lamb offered once for all? Let patience have her perfect work."

"HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 24, XII, '65.

"My first trouble is, then, that on account of restraint and sensitiveness I fear I hold myself in reserve from the students against my will. The second apprehension is, that I do not satisfy myself in making my recitations sufficiently interesting, partly because I do not feel at ease before the class. Now this is pretty talk for one who set out with the resolve that 'one is his master even Christ'; that he was not to regard man 'whose breath is in his nostrils'; that according to the word spoken by Daniel Swift, I was to have trials here, but must make the Lord my refuge and I would come out victorious. But this indeed is the root of the whole matter, and my sense of this spiritual failure contaminates the enjoyment of other things. Thou knowest how I insisted upon it at the first that if I failed with the Lord I should fail with men. But I have no evidence that I have failed with either. I only have my little discouragements as all others have theirs. I write it all out as bad as it is to relieve thy anxiety."



LYDIA BEEDE DILLINGHAM

1814-1905

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“HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 26, IV, '66.

“Are any things promised in the Gospel which thou desirest? Well, they are promised to thee, if thou wilt take them home to thyself as sure and certain. Then looking forward to thy glorious prospect, be happy in the present, knowing that it is impossible for anything ever to separate thee from the love of God in Christ Jesus.”

“HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 12, IX, '66.

“I have not had time to unpack until the latter part of this Fourth-day afternoon. I have got through with it quite comfortably though unpacking a trunk is usually the most homesick work I can do, the trunk is always so full of mother,—every fold of a shirt, and each of a vast multitude of stitches, indeed every article as it lies there just as it was packed at home has some association with thee. But our omnipotent Father has also association with thee each several moment, and at the same time I have access to Him, and we cannot thus be apart, let us say, in time nor in eternity.”

“HAVERFORD, PA., 30, IX, '66.

“I meant to have written out Moses Bede’s unanswerable argument concerning ‘the more sure word of prophecy,’ but have not time now.

Suffice to say that the whole meaning turns on the translation, which, as it stands, is correct but liable to mislead. For what is translated 'the more sure word of prophecy' is in the words Peter wrote 'τὸν βεβαιότερον λόγον' 'the word more confirmed,' *i. e.*, we have the word of prophecy better confirmed. The word of prophecy was good, and the vision on the mount confirmed it, made it 'more sure.' Hold fast to the light till more light comes, and it is all clear as day."

"HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 19, II, '67.

To His Parents

"In entering upon another term my mind was much drawn to you at home, and the impression came to me that the good Master was the proper one to take care of you and I should leave it all to Him. For He loves you more than I possibly can and will do the best that can be done for you, and I should give you up to Him, for 'he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' I have confidence that you will be blessed the more if I resign the care of you to Him. In my sort of homesickness there has always been a good deal of lack of trust and faith. May we not lack in it now with reference to each other and may we each

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find the other the better for it. We can't help anything by worrying, but our Savior can help everything by our trusting."

"W. HAVERFORD, PA., 12, VIII, '67.

"Last Fifth-day I thought we should have a silent meeting. But after we were seated some time a carriage came up, and soon Mary Whitall, John M. Whitall's wife, came in. I thought she must have come with some minister, and presently in came Samuel Bettle. At length he introduced his sermon with the words, 'The redemption of the Soul is precious.' He spoke a long time and a more weighty, impressive, and eloquent appeal I think I never heard. In like manner also he appeared in supplication. They dined at the college. After dinner at the table he spoke to the students again, commencing in his chair, and after a while rising to his feet. Dinner being concluded we rose to go out, but he stood talking with me some twenty minutes, telling how much he had thought about me and endeavouring to encourage me all ways. After a while we went up-stairs and he staid about an hour in my room talking with me encouragingly and showing how everything I brought up about my religious experience corresponded with his own. . . . He invited me earnestly to come

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and see him at his house. He expressed himself as much rejoiced to have had this opportunity, and said, ‘ Now I know thee better.’ ”

“ WEST HAVERFORD, 25, X, ’67.

“ My stumbling at the cross is nearly at an end, I hope. My views of the propitiation are more settled. I expect liberty when they are, and hope to be able to tell thee what the Gospel is; yet trust rather in the spirit adding to thee strength and faith therein.”

“ WEST HAVERFORD, PA., 19, II, ’68.

To his Father and Mother

“ In the cars [returning from West Falmouth] I desired nothing to come in the way this week to interfere with that dedication of the heart which I began to feel constrained unto in a most unusual exercise of spirit pointing to a being dead to sin and alive unto God. Pray for me that I may be strengthened to give up all, even if it need be, those whom I most love, in the baptism of regeneration, and that I may not resist the Lord’s saving and transforming hand upon me. The exercise did not last long, but in it I saw a glimpse of the fearful responsibility of having been born. And if the same view should come upon either of you, just try to lay

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hold of a confidence in Him who came to deliver them who through fear of death are subject to bondage.”

“ W. HAVERFORD, PA., 2, v, '68.

“ I sometimes in a little degree realize that at some time one of us will have to lose the other from this world. I dare not imagine how it would seem if I should lose thee, or thou should lose me. But one or the other of us is, in all probability, to experience that trial. Now, I think neither of us thinks so much about the personal loss, as whether it shall be well with the other. Thou knowest how in spite of all the evidences of brother Moses' happy departure, still thou suffered at seasons with agony of doubt and suspense for his sake concerning his present state of being. Now I want it to be so that if either of us dies the one shall not have any occasion to doubt of the triumphant departure and everlasting joy of the other. I have been drawn to a nearness to thee all my days by thy sufferings, and mourn for thee however much I might when they were over, how could I not cheerfully deliver thee up to the arms of Jesus who would carry thee through the valley of the shadow of death and place thee forever in triumphant glory,—who would do so much better for thee there, than I could by holding thee. I know of

no consolation other than the sense of this being true for thee. This in the case of my departure to be with Christ would be all that could console thee—it might well indeed make thee rejoice all thy days. Let us then, if for no higher consideration, at least for each other's sake endeavor to know and to assure each other of having passed from death into life. Let us think in every act of our life, I will follow the blessed Jesus in this deed towards leaving John that richest bequest of knowing I am in glory,—or, I will be pure and blameless in this that mother may know of having laid up the treasure of another soul in heaven and her heart may be at ease. So may we be led forward to higher grounds, wherein in entire resignation, we may be the disciples of Jesus by having left *all* to follow Him.”

“WEST HAVERFORD, 1, VI, '68.

“My twenty-ninth birthday. I should not think I was so old, for I feel as much like a boy as ever. I should like to be dedicated to the highest good from this time forward; but I am not my own keeper, and so may I be dedicated to the keeper of souls and trust in Him.”

“PHILADELPHIA, 8, IX, '68.

“Thou should feel pretty bright and peaceful about this time, if my prayers are answered.

Things can only seem dark when they are not all given up to our Savior, and things are blessed to us as they are yielded in trust to Him. My present peace consists in trust. So be it with thee."

"MONUMENT (EN ROUTE TO HAVERFORD), 17, IX, '68.

"Arrived at Monument having thus far abiding peace of mind. Let us be exercised to maintain this by trust in Jesus. Absolute trust—there is nothing like it to give us peace.

"I have feared a little thou might be feeling some foreboding about our seeing each other again, and I have desired to reassure thee that as our confidence and trust are in Christ, I feel that we shall be privileged to enjoy each other's company and presence and sight again and perhaps many times again. Only let us be given up and give each other up to Him in whom our only hope is. I feel safe about thee and our relations for the future, and have the usual feeling that we shall have each other as earthly blessings if we will only take these blessings from Christ and in Him. Do not feel any discouragement or borrowed foreboding. All is safety with the Saviour. Thou and I will be cared for, more than we can ask or think."

Thus we have the goal of his religious life in *trust*. For him it did not mean that all questions were answered, or all difficulties solved. It did mean that he could commit them all with himself to a "faithful Creator" in "absolute trust."

CHAPTER VII

JOHN H. DILLINGHAM AS MINISTER

ALTHOUGH the record of the development of John Dillingham's religious life, as given in letters and random notes, is but fragmentary, one chord is struck so often as to be definitely dominant. The whole energy of his being was focused on realizing what in modern phrase is called the "*Christ-consciousness*." During the twenty-one years of his acknowledged ministry, this experience found expression very often in the Scripture "For me to live is Christ." This, it might be said, was the goal of his religious aspiration and his courage to reach the goal was very largely maintained as he realized more and more, to use another Scripture phrase often on his lips, that he was "bought with a price." Few ministers within the limit of his activity displayed more originality and more versatility of text and context, and yet in some subtle way, every road of knowledge and of experience that he knew led up to the central fact of actual Christianity—a *living* Christ pouring out His life unto death for the sake of the world.

How this experience of a "Christ-consciousness" grew into a definite call to the public ministry is not recorded except by intimation in letters or other notes that have come to hand. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is the following to his mother from Brattleboro, 1st, III, '63: "I feel that the realities of life are having a gracious influence on me, and sometimes I hanker to get to a Quaker meeting and unburden myself. I feel that I have a work to do which I know not of. Probably when in process of time I get educated to the right state, I shall find out what I was made for. This I know, that I have a longing to *know the truth*, and then to communicate it to my fellow-beings, and while the field is indeed the world, the special field is Friends' Society."

Three times in letters to his mother in 1866 he mentions his offerings in meeting.

Thus, Haverford College, 19, III, '66: "I had to take the cross in meeting last Fifth-day in supplication."

Again, Haverford College, 17, VI, '66: "I trust I did no wrong to-day with a few words in meeting," and West Haverford, 28, X, '66: "I somehow feel more strength and confidence than common since appearing in prayer at our First-day meeting yesterday. David Scull, one

of the managers, came and expressed his unity and satisfaction. In spite of all my forebodings, there is greater freedom in this part of Philadelphia with reference to such things than in Falmouth." Little is indicated by these observations other than the naturally sensitive nature with which he was endowed. It is interesting to note in passing that during this year, 1866, his certificate of membership was received at Twelfth Street Meeting, Philadelphia. The Monthly Meeting appointed Samuel Bettle and Charles Yarnall to visit him on this account. At the same session of the Monthly Meeting, William U. Ditzler was recognized as a minister. These three Friends became influential in no small degree in shaping John Dillingham's future. More than a hint of this is to be detected in this extract from an address at the opening of "Falmouth Old Home Week" in 1904:

"When I take my seat in meeting in Philadelphia, I sometimes think how has its occupancy degenerated from the time when it held that grand old man Samuel Bettle; whose voice was like an organ and his authority as an apostle. In the same seat at times had sat his father, whose clear mental powers were the admiration of judges of courts, whose business integrity had the esteem of his fellow-merchants of Philadel-

phia, whose gift in the ministry edified the churches, and whose authority in best wisdom, once held, gave the word in season to spare the membership from being rent in twain."

The twenty-three years which intervened between 1866 and 1899 were well filled with meeting activities. He had important service as Overseer and Elder in Twelfth Street Meeting. Doubtless a good providence was enlarging the field for the exercise of his gift in the ministry, by bringing him thus into close touch with the membership of what for some time was the largest Monthly Meeting of Friends in the world.

During all this period, however, behind devoted service in college and school and meeting there was evidently sounding in his soul the sense of a call to proclaim by word of mouth as well as by life "the acceptable year of the Lord." "Fireside talks at his mother's knee," an overpowering sense of the love of God in the fields, the restraints of the grace of God when in anger he would have retaliated upon a schoolmate who had offended him—the memory of these all gave added force to prophetic messages in which gifted ministers pictured his spiritual condition and the outcome of his spiritual condition in dedication to the call of the Highest. One such incident we are able in

some detail to narrate although the place and date of it are not certainly known. There are indications that it was at New Bedford. At any rate while still a member of New England Yearly Meeting, not unlikely while at Harvard in 1864, he had gone to attend a Quarterly Meeting. Some sealed envelopes containing widely advertised literature of an unprofitable, possibly of a deleterious character were in his pocket. As he retired to his room for the night before the meeting, probably at the home of Benjamin Howland, he found a fire blazing on the open hearth. He sat down beside it with the intention of examining the forbidden literature. As he took the envelopes in his hand a powerful sense of God's restraining grace possessed him. Without parleying long, he put the envelopes unopened upon the burning embers and had a sure sense of peace in seeing them reduced to ashes. In the meeting next morning, Eli Jones was engaged in speaking most directly to his condition—drew a plain picture of the doubts that had assailed him, and then in an impressive manner pointed out the door of hope, and the service that awaited the tried soul who would give up and enter this door. In conclusion and in a manner that brought back the glowing fire and the smoking paper to John Dillingham's

mind, he said, "If thou wilt do these things all thy *burnt sacrifices* will be accepted." Not unlikely the feeling toward Sibyl Jones contained in the following letter to his mother has also some connection with the foregoing incident:

"HAVERFORD COLLEGE, 7, VI, '66.

"On Fifth-day I rejoiced in spirit because of the company of Sibyl Jones, who, on her return from her religious visit in Virginia, was at Haverford that day to see her son Richard and to attend our meeting. . . . Sibyl Jones sought an interview with me in the afternoon and spoke just what I thought I needed to hear and just the things which had been on my mind and which I wanted to ask her about, had not her spiritual apprehension been enlightened to anticipate my inquiries. I felt encouraged and strengthened as by a message from heaven. When she said I had accepted the Savior and He had accepted me I mentally asked, 'Why then have I no evidence that He has accepted me?' and the very next thing she said was the answer, 'Thou wilt have an evidence of it more and more as thou continuest faithful to Him.' She said she felt very clearly that I was in the right place and that a path of rich service and usefulness was before me, not because I was

capable or worthy to occupy it, but because the power and mercy of the Lord would appear working by me as I kept constantly before the throne of grace for help, 'praying without ceasing.' 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers.' 'Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' "

From the date of this letter, 1866, to 1889, there is no reference in John Dillingham's journal to appearances in the ministry. The journal is continuous from 1866 to 1874, a period of eight years. They were years of unsettlement in his life because of an effort to adjust himself to a system of administration very different from that of his first years at Haverford College, and very uncongenial to the ideas of self-government with which he had been imbued at Harvard. In 1878 the scene of his activity was changed to Philadelphia as he entered upon the principalship of Friends' Select School. The new position gave him greater freedom of service in religious matters, not only because the hours of obligation to school routine were totally changed, but also because of a distinct change in the nature of his duties. Under date of Eleventh Mo., 2d, 1889, we have a record in regard to his acknowledgment as a minister.

“Not having attempted journal-writing since the last written in this book fifteen years ago (9 mo., 19, 1874), I am induced to record henceforth some daily observations as they may interest me or time may afford, because this seems to be another important day in my history. I have learned with humiliation together with the encouragement naturally felt at the unity of Friends in a great concern, that our Quarterly Meeting of Ministers and Elders in Philadelphia has united in the judgment of our last sitting of the Western District Monthly Meeting in acknowledging my public appearances in our meetings for worship as of a right gift in the ministry. This result I did not expect to-day, because I have never observed a minister acknowledged in our Select Quarterly Meeting on the same day on which the recommendation was read. . . .

“I was expecting to feel a burden lifted by hearing such a conclusion as that my time for acknowledgment had not yet come. But no such lifting of responsibility has been allowed me; and with hands still put to the plow there must be no looking back; but may there be a faithful following on to know the Lord in all His leadings and offices towards my unworthy soul and towards the souls of others through so unworthy a channel.”

Through the ensuing twenty-one years the "faithful following on to know the Lord in all His *leadings*" brought our Friend into many remarkable experiences. The few that we are able to narrate are fairly typical of his close following of his Guide and of his special character as a minister.

Not long after being acknowledged he found it necessary to spend some time at a hotel in the Adirondacks on account of a threatened throat affection. The one hundred guests that made up the family of which he was a part were solid, sober people, but our Friend found that there was no arrangement on First-day for any united expression of the privileges of worship. This unwelcome feature of his temporary exile weighed heavily upon his mind. In the afternoon of First-day, he retired to a quiet wood near by, and as he was engaged in pacing back and forth under this burden, he came upon a clergyman apparently also engaged in serious meditation. After a salutation John Dillingham proceeded to say how he felt about the absence of any religious observance in so large a family. The clergyman confessed that he had been brought into the solitude of the wood in a hope that he might find some suitable solution of the same situation, which was also quite pain-

ful to him. He proposed that they should unite in arranging a meeting the following First-day. John Dillingham explained his view in regard to a prescribed service and indicated that he would be relieved if the clergyman would go forward with necessary arrangements without including him. This led to considerable conversation about a spontaneous service under the direct leadership of Christ. Finally the clergyman said he would like to join in a meeting of that kind and together they arranged with the proprietor of the hotel for it. The response to the notice of the meeting was general and at the appointed time practically all the guests were assembled. After a brief silence, the clergyman was on his feet but seemed in much embarrassment to find words to express himself; finally he concluded his effort by an offering of prayer in which the hesitation and embarrassment were also apparent. Directly John Dillingham arose and using a text that had seemed to come to his mind almost immediately upon taking his seat, he found much freedom to set forth some fundamentals of worship under the gospel order. When the meeting concluded, the clergyman, with tears in his eyes, confessed that he had been unfaithful to his compact about preparation for the meeting. The day before

he had taken his Bible, had chosen a text, and put certain considerations in order in his mind so that he might treat it properly. Upon settling into the silence of the meeting, the text went from his memory, and the embarrassment which all had witnessed had not been without a definite cause. After he had taken his seat, John Dillingham used his text and apparently, to him, preached his sermon. So a most wonderful exhibition was had of the reality of the Quaker profession and of the special guidance that qualified John Dillingham for his service.

It was some years after this instance, that a situation in regard to recognizing a gift in the ministry in a Quarterly Meeting in New Jersey took an unusual hold of John Dillingham's mind. The Friend under consideration had been one with whom he had had experiences that quite convinced him of the gift, although he very freely recognized its particular limitations. During three months of consideration as to what his duty might be in the case, he more than once sought advice of a close personal friend. In each instance this friend was inclined to discourage him from attempting any part in the case. During the night before the Select Quarterly Meeting he was wakened with a distinct sense that he must yield to the impression

of duty at whatever cost. He had made no arrangement to reach the place of the meeting and he knew the nearest railroad station was several miles away. The trolley-car in Philadelphia that carried him to the station was halted at the top of the Market Street hill within two or three minutes of the time of the last available train. He left the car hastily and as he passed the first small street a slip of paper blew across his path and he grasped it as he hurried along. Once in the ferryboat, he looked at the paper and found it contained a remarkable Scripture text. He folded it and put it in his vest pocket. When the train which he took reached the station nearest the Quarterly Meeting, he descended to the platform to be surprised by a voice from a waiting vehicle asking him to get in and ride to the Quarterly Meeting of Ministers and Elders. The Friend so soliciting him was the one in the whole Quarter that he most desired to confer with about the case in hand. In good Quaker phrase they had a full and free opportunity much to John Dillingham's satisfaction. In the meeting when the item of business was reached that had seemed in such an unusual way to have concerned our friend, he found himself almost to his own surprise using the text that he had folded up and put

into his pocket on the ferryboat. So much was he made a mouthpiece of a judgment clearly not his own that the meeting freely recognized it and relieved him by the form of their action from any sense of embarrassment that might have arisen from a feeling that he was interfering with their business.

Altogether different from this incident, but illustrating again the definite "leadings" of his Lord, some circumstances connected with his attendance at a wedding in Trenton, New Jersey, may be recited. Two Friends of his meeting associated with the proposed marriage as overseers knew of his intention to be present and very kindly made the needful inquiry about trains. The evening before, they went to his house, told him the hour of starting, and proposed that he should join them in good time at the station. To their sore disappointment he did not appear, and they began the journey with feelings of chagrin. Some accident delayed their train and they did not reach the meeting until the marriage was concluded. To their surprise and relief, upon entering the meeting-house John Dillingham was sitting in the gallery as they would have desired. He had wakened early in the morning with a sense that it would be better for him to take a train in advance, and yielding

to such an intimation, was in his right place by what seemed to all a special good providence.

In the chapter on John Dillingham the Teacher, an instance is narrated in which there was a manifest advantage to the religious service of our Friend, in being late at a funeral. Another striking instance of the kind afforded unusual confirmation of the words of a deceased Friend, and gave the people of the village where it occurred a most impressive sense of his personal devotion to the family concerned as well as of his willingness to discharge his religious duties at whatever cost. Having missed the only possible train available from Camden for the funeral in question, John Dillingham boarded an express train to Atlantic City, thirty miles distant by bicycle from the place of his appointment. The funeral company gathered at the house as arranged, and sat for about an hour in silence. Most of those present were not Friends and it seemed to them slight respect was shown to one who had been known in their midst for thirty years for liberality in entertaining members of her society. The funeral had moved from the house and as the burial-ground was near, a few minutes would suffice to conclude the last sad rites for a beloved mother and sister. At this juncture, John Dil-

ingham was seen approaching upon a wheel from the direction of Atlantic City. He had ridden the thirty miles in a very short time and had reached his destination at the critical moment. Means were found of giving him some refreshment promptly and as the company closed in about the open grave he moved forward with a testimony that seemed to savor more of heaven than of earth. Then he knelt in prayer, and all were baptized together in a memorable manner. One of the principals in this remarkable scene had remembered, and had remarked when the train had failed to bring John Dillingham, how the deceased had said on more than one occasion, when the narrative in *Biographical Sketches* of an incident in the life of Arthur Howell had been read to her, picturing how he had driven some miles to join a surprised company about an open grave, that something like that, she felt, would happen at her funeral. Whatever else may be said of the incident, this at least was true, the fifteen hundred residents of that isolated town were saying to one another as they lit their evening fires that the Friends display an extraordinary measure of love toward one another even in this day.

It was in this same neighborhood that another experience of special leading made a

marked impression. In conjunction with Eliza H. Varney an appointed evening meeting in a Union Chapel was about to conclude. John Dillingham knelt in prayer. With much fervency he pleaded for several conditions and several classes, then as if a moment hesitating, his supplication was for "any widow whose husband may still be living." As the meeting concluded one who sat by the Friend who had arranged the meeting turned to him somewhat sharply with the question, "Why did you tell him that?" In a moment it was evident to the interrogator that no previous knowledge of the condition thus strikingly pictured had been possessed by any of the Friends, and he confessed his amazement at the distinct leading of the Holy Spirit, in what proved in good measure to have been a healing ministration. The recital of these incidents is intended to show the type of John Dillingham's ministry. He had a peculiar reticence about speaking of such matters, but those who lived near enough to him realized how closely he felt called to surrender every day and every event of his life to special guidance, in a belief that the Scripture picture of being yoked with Christ is intended as a practical reality.

Thus his religious service as a minister became a daily service and the dominating note in

the duties to which he was called. Four or five times only in twenty-one years did he have Minutes to pursue this service beyond what might be called the home circle and yet few ministers have occupied their gift with greater diligence. It was noted above that prior to his acknowledgment as a minister he had served his Monthly Meeting as an elder. In this capacity he had a Minute for service as companion of William U. Ditzler in visits to public institutions in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. The oft-interrupted Journal has some notes relating to this service which are interesting, both because of their intrinsic worth, and because of their references to several well-known public Friends.

“9, XI, 1889.

“Accompanied William U. Ditzler to Trenton, in pursuance of the concern of his Minute granted by our Monthly Meeting to visit charitable and penal institutions and attend Friends' meetings in their neighborhoods. A month later [than the date of his Minute] I also obtained a Minute to accompany him as an elder. In the Spring I visited with him Woodbury, N. J., Middletown and West Chester, Pa., and in 5th mo. being laid aside by sickness, have not accom-

panied him again thus until now. We found Philip and Elizabeth Dunn prepared to welcome us cheeringly, and our evening was made long and interesting by dear William's narrations and much mutual conversation.

"He narrated an instructive account related yesterday to him by a Presbyterian clergyman of one McElroy in business on Market Street, whose trade had declined in consequence of a sickness he had been passing through. A note was to be paid by three o'clock at the bank, and every friend to whom he had applied had failed to relieve him, by accommodating him with means to satisfy the note. The clergyman had found him in the morning despondent in prospect of the financial ruin which he expected on that day. 'Has not God always helped you thus far?' said the minister. 'He has,' said McElroy. 'Does he not say "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"?' 'Yes.' 'Then trust in him a little longer.' About two o'clock a man came in, whom he had known years before, who said 'I had heard of your sickness, and as I was at my devotions you came so distinctly before my mind, and so dwelt with me, that I have come to offer you these \$2000 in case you are in any distress or embarrassment so as to need the money.' So the note was paid that hour."

“10, XI, '89.

“In the meeting at Trenton, tho' embarrassed at the thought of preceding William, I was publicly engaged in a concern to let our light shine, the fiat having first taken place in our dark hearts, 'Let there be light.' Sin thus discovered and through repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, forgiven, we are purified 'from dead works to serve the living God, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.' William followed in his usual moving earnestness and power, and likewise in lively supplication. Elizabeth Dunn presented a most salutary exercise concerning the faithful observance of the marriage covenant. Philip Dunn afterwards pronounced it as a meeting in which Truth was in dominion.

“At the State's Prison we met at 3 P.M. some 200 convicts, about 40 being females. The men wore garments made with horizontal stripes, which appeared to be a degrading manner of dress. Something, whether that or not, gave them a more degraded and sullen aspect of countenance than we are familiar with in our Eastern Penitentiary. Elizabeth Dunn spoke to them appropriately, relating accounts of four she had known living good lives and ending well after

release from their terms within those walls. William was most earnestly engaged before them for a considerable time. When he had concluded I was moved, in use of the words, 'Or those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell,' etc., to speak of the work and blessing of repentance and how produced. William followed in prayer of uncommon sublimity and added loving exhortations as he closed the meeting, and passed on among them to go out."

In the same Service under date of 17, XI, '89:

"Seventh-day, P.M., Elhanan Zook of Downingtown and I accompanied Wm. U. Ditzler to Haddonfield, going to Hannah and Hettie Evans's to tea, whither my wife had preceded us. After an instructive and much enjoyed evening in the Evans sisters' house, Charles and Beulah Rhoads being there with us at tea, we accompanied the latter to their home to lodge. The meeting next forenoon was lively and impressive by the solemn engagements of William in exhortation and prayer. A lively concern arose in me early but for modesty of appearing forward again I delayed till after William had spoken. Tho' it did not then seem altogether too late, it was his view as mine, that the testimony lost much of its freshness and favor by my backwardness.

“It did appear to me that the greatest enemy to the Church and people was a spirit of too much dwelling at ease in worldly comfort. ‘When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.’

“After dinner we rode to the Alms House at Blackwood town, nine miles distant. I had the privilege of accompanying Charles and Deborah Rhoads with Wm. Ditzler, and my wife, Joseph and Hettie Evans with Elhanan Zook. The County house appears now a well-kept institution. William fully relieved his concern before the assembled inmates. Then Charles Rhoads was instructively engaged, dwelling on the teaching of the account of the King’s marriage supper. I looked on myself as excused from adding a word to the much that had been delivered; but as our waiting continued I was unexpectedly drawn forth before them. Deborah Rhoads followed in much favored supplication. After the meeting we conversed with some of the inmates and visited the room of the aged and infirm women. Returned to Haddonfield and spent evening at Levi Cowperthwaite’s. He is under a deep and living concern as a minister, but is not yet formally acknowledged. He has the offer of cashiership of the U. S. Mint in Phila-

delphia, having now a lower but yet very responsible position there. William told us of his early life and remarkable leadings toward the faith of Friends, and his joining in religious profession with them. We returned from Charles Rhoads's next morning in time for me to reach school before nine."

Two other accounts of religious service with Minutes from his Monthly Meeting are from his pen. The first is a letter to his uncle Edward Dillingham:

"140 N. 16TH ST., PHILADELPHIA,

"14, v, '92.

"MY DEAR UNCLE:

"Having had in contemplation for several weeks past a visit to Friends in Tuckerton, N. J., and learning when the promised day 5 mo. 1st was near that Eliza H. Varney, of Bloomfield, Canada, was concerned to pay a similar religious visit on the same day, and that her service would be best aided by one or two appointed meetings, in which I for myself also apprehended a share, I obtained from my Monthly Meeting a Minute for such appointments. It seemed best that a meeting should be held at Barnegat in the Friends' meeting-house at 3 P.M. on Seventh-day, and that we should proceed later in the day to

Tuckerton, and consider there what further service might open.

“ Arriving at Barnegat before noon, we were visited by an aged Friend whose name was Robert B. Stokes. He had come from a farm a mile and a half out of the village to make acquaintance with the Friends who had appointed a meeting, which he thought he would not be able to attend. On being asked concerning his hearing, he said that brought him to a subject which he seldom if ever mentioned. It had been made known to him in younger days, that if he was not faithful he would lose his hearing, or his sight, or his speech. His eyes at one time became impaired, but now he had all the three senses pretty well preserved. He was encouraged to believe that such faithfulness as he had maintained had been accepted, and, should he hold the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end, he might realise the language, ‘ My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.’ He replied : ‘ I can say “ Amen ” to that, and I believe His grace will continue sufficient for me to the last.’ He proceeded to mention some of his past leadings in grace, the end of which was that he knew nothing but love toward all his

fellow-beings, and when he should be taken away, he desired it might be in a manner which should make no trouble to any in his last sickness. He expressed much concern for the prevailing outwardness of people's lives and interests, not only in the world but in their profession of Christianity and worship; and desired that they might dwell deeper in the root of life, and realize Christ in them as their hope of glory. Recurring to his former visitations, he mentioned his having largely employed workmen, to some of whom he had occasionally spoken with harshness. But afterwards he could find no peace, day or night, till he had gone to these and acknowledged his fault and endeavored to comfort them.

“He was persuaded to remain to dinner with us and afterward to attend the meeting, and it was promised that there should be a conveyance home for him after the meeting. On entering the meeting-house enclosure and observing the recent improvements in the grave-yard, he wanted to stop and be told where his own grave was to be, but lack of time prevented this. He entered the meeting-house and took his seat in front of the meeting beside me. In the early silence which followed there was felt to be an obstruction to the flow of life in the meeting

owing to the expectation of the company being on the ministers before them, rather than from Him upon whom alone we should wait, and who if truly worshipped would preach His own sermons. This was expressed to the company vocally. In the more sensible opening for worship which seemed to follow, Eliza H. Varney entered into earnest vocal supplication for the blessing of the Most High upon us. An exhortation followed concerning the life which we now live in the flesh, its relation to our future being, the importance of its being lived with Christ and in Him, even by the faith of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Our friend E. H. V. continued in an exercise harmonious with this, asking: 'What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away'; exhorting us to set our affection on things above and not on things on the earth, seeking first the kingdom of God. Much of a lively and solemnizing effect was interspersed. A holy covering of good seemed resting over the meeting to the end, and the silence in which we waited, which could not be broken because some further service seemed awaiting, we knew not what, was at length concluded by the dear aged Friend Robert B. Stokes rising and speaking after this manner:

“‘I want to set my seal to the truths of the gospel which have been spread before us this day. I hope it will be a day long remembered in this place, and the truth which has been declared will be like a nail fastened in a sure place, and not vanish like a morning cloud. Let us all make straight steps towards the city which hath foundations, and let us forget the things which are behind and press forward towards those that are before, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot speak as I could once, but I want us all to lay fast hold on the favor that we have had to-day, and press towards the mark; and may we all be prepared to meet in the Kingdom prepared for all those who love the Lord.’

“Having said this he sat down, and at once leaned his head on my shoulder, breathing heavily. Friends came quietly forward to lay him out on the bench and administer restoratives. But in two or three minutes he ceased to breathe, and the peace which passeth understanding rested upon the scene. We lingered long but at length all passed to their homes, in the midst of a beautiful calm, in which all nature seemed held until the sun went down.

“It may be in place to note here, that in the course of one of the communications to which Robert Stokes had been listening in that meet-

ing, when the condition of being ‘crucified with Christ’ was spoken of, the case of the two on either side of the cross on Calvary was brought to view,—one of them unrepentant and joining with the multitude in dishonoring Jesus; and the other penitent, to whom the Savior said, ‘This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.’ At this last saying, I noticed that Robert Stokes gave some motion, or appearance of being affected by that promise of Jesus, so that he attracted my special notice at the moment. The sequel may suggest now more than a coincidence, since we are informed, what as visitors we did not know then, that in the early morning of that very day and in that same region three men from a drunken spree were driving home, when turning their horse too shortly they were thrown out upon the ground, and one of them was instantly killed by the breaking of his neck. The people have since been contrasting Robert’s death met while preaching the gospel, and the other of so opposite a character.

[After the Quarterly Meeting in Philadelphia on the second day following.] “We continued to feel that our service at Barnegat was not complete without attending the funeral of Robert B. Stokes. Accordingly on Fourth-day

the two women companions and myself returned to Barnegat. It was interesting to be at the recent home of the departed—the home of his brother Barzillai,—where we were hospitably cared for. At one o'clock we reached the meeting-house which soon was filled with a solemnized and sympathizing company, and several were gathered outside at the windows. The spirit of supplication was poured forth upon and through our Friend Eliza H. Varney. The occasion seemed to leave no room for words on my part. No message came to me to communicate until Eliza, trembling because she feared she was standing in my way, was faithful to her call and was exercised in a fervent outpouring of the spirit of exhortation and comfort. Then I was shown what my portion of service was, and became engaged in setting it forth. A supplication by a minister of another denomination followed. . . . When we had repaired to the side of the grave, William Errickson, a citizen of Barnegat, read a fitting tribute to the character and memory of the deceased, which seemed gratifying to the bereaved friends. Eliza Varney delivered a few words of impressive import and we left a spot which will long be marked in our memories. May many hearts be turned to the little Friends' meeting held there, and many

be gathered as the fruit of good old Robert Stokes's last ministry."

The other account deals with an appointed meeting near Leeds Point, New Jersey. It is copied from *The Friend*:

"11, XI, '99.

"Smithville is one of several New Jersey neighborhoods in which Friends were settled as early as the last quarter of the seventeenth century. It is across the Mullica River from Tuckerton, and is mentioned in Friends' journals [as Galloway] with Little and Great Egg Harbor. The location of all the old meeting houses along the shore is not now certain. At Seaville, south of Beesley's Point, one of the oldest is still standing, and on the sandy knoll now occupied by the Methodist meeting-house at Smithville, we can be quite sure there was a Friends' meeting-house for many years prior to 1850. Not unlikely, George Fox stopped here on his journey through Jersey, for some part of his description seems to fix the locality very perfectly. Be that as it may, Friends did not live and worship in the neighborhood for so many years without leaving an impress, and it is comforting now to find well-preserved traditions of

their integrity of life and of their high spiritual attainments in religion.

“When the meeting at Smithville became extinct, Friends gave the property there to the Methodists and *they* have since maintained a meeting [the title for the graveyard lot is still in Haddonfield Monthly Meeting]. It appears there was an understanding that Friends might have the use of the Methodist house upon occasion, but the general friendliness of attitude of the people makes this easy without any special reference to that obligation. It is likely that during the past thirty years this privilege has not been sought more than twice, upon one occasion about fifteen years ago for a funeral, and now recently for the public meeting referred to in this. Several Friends had entertained the feeling for two or three years past that such a public meeting should be held in the neighborhood and one of them in particular, who had recently deceased, had urged it especially during the last weeks of the Ninth Month. Her death seemed to leave the concern as a legacy upon the heart of a minister with a Minute for service along the shore.

“Way was easily made for the appointment by the Methodist pastor now in charge and Sixth-day, Tenth Month, 27th, at half-past seven in

the evening, was selected as a favorable time. Four Friends, two of them ministers, were driven the six miles from Absecom that evening to keep the appointment.

“The shore road is probably one of the oldest highways in the country. It extends with some degree of distinctness the whole length of the Jersey coast, and during the last century it is probable that one would pass at least ten meeting-houses in traversing it. Nearly every one of these is now closed, and in several cases the neglected condition of the grounds is a sad commentary upon the declension of the Society in those parts.

“In riding to the Smithville meeting we were disposed to speculate a little upon the probable size and character of the congregation that would meet us there. The neighborhood is not thickly settled, and we finally concluded we should be satisfied if twenty persons came together. Imagine our surprise then, upon arriving, to find the house well filled, at least two hundred people (some estimates made the number four hundred) being in readiness for the opportunity. The Methodist pastor was present, and leading the ministers into the pulpit he addressed a few well-chosen words to the congregation. He told them in order for the great-

est good from the meeting and best to accomplish the purpose of the Friends, each soul must make an effort to get into communion with the Highest. He then took his seat, and a very solemn covering of worship came over the company. Under the weight of this, authority seemed to be given to the Friend who had appointed the meeting to speak. He reminded them of the circumstance connected with the life of an eminent minister in Philadelphia [William U. Ditzler] who had felt a call to hold a meeting in a neighborhood somewhat noted as the centre of a fox-hunting club. It had seemed to human judgment an impracticable thing to get a meeting at their headquarters, and after some effort by interested parties the Friend was put off from attempting it. His faith, however, was not shaken. He felt sure that a way would be made to carry out what to his mind was clearly a Divine requirement. Finally the proprietor of the hotel that had been the headquarters of the club died, and very unexpectedly information of the funeral to be held came to the Friend who immediately said, 'It is the opportunity I have been looking for.' It was an occasion that brought together from far and near just the company that he had been exercised for, and the Gospel stream flowed out to them in a very wonderful man-

ner. It seemed to him that the death of a man had finally been made the necessary occasion of opening the door to this remarkable service.

“So in a sense it might be said also that the death of a good woman, a neighbor of theirs, and one whose birthplace stood amongst them, had been made use of to bring about the degree of faith and faithfulness on the visitor’s part to appoint that meeting. She had earnestly desired it, and urged it, and had finally named a limit of time for its appointment, which had proved to be the last two weeks in which she would have had any strength at all to attend it. Her earnest desire for their welfare and strength in the Lord might yet descend upon them, and as her death had been used to incite one to faithfulness in appointing a meeting, so it might well be used to incite us all to faith in every word and work of the Lord Jesus.

“But there was the death of another to which the holding of this meeting must chiefly be ascribed,—the dying of Him who ‘tasted death for every man’; and thereby secured the unspeakable gift through Christ crucified, without whom neither this nor any gathering in true Christian worship could be held. Futile would be this or any other movement among men for salvation, except for the one and only Name given

under heaven and among men whereby we must be saved; and in His name, the witness of His spirit and power, must we know and follow the steps of our salvation,—a name which stands not in syllables or in word, but in power. And so ‘His name, thro’ faith in His name,’ we were persuaded, had made some of these strong, who were seen and known in their community; and we would that this occasion should have part in baptizing others and us all, ‘into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.’ So walking in Him their lives would be bearing no uncertain witness, that ‘we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and Eternal life.’

“To these the message was particularly dwelt on in view of a religious awakening which had lately been known among them, ‘as ye have received the Lord Jesus Christ, so walk ye in Him.’ ‘If ye live by the spirit, by the spirit let us also walk.’ ‘Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh.’

“To those that were exhorted to still receive Jesus Christ as Lord, the way of ‘repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus

Christ,' was pointed out. The faith in which He is thus received must be kept operative through obedience in the walk with Him to the end. The daily dwelling in His life during the week-day toil, or intercourse, or solitude—whether at home, afield, or on the sea—was urged, that His name, through faith in His name, might make and keep them strong.

"Some might presume to be satisfied with their first reception of Christ, and the remembrance of a first enthusiasm; but He would not see the desire of His soul and be satisfied, *except* as they should walk with Him the journey through. The path of the justified must be the path of the just, 'as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.' And, in short, the burden of the meeting seemed to be the need of daily realizing the language, 'For me to live is Christ.' The fulness of God's love in all these gifts was then reverted to by the other minister. The gospel stream flowed out to them in large measure and interested tenderness attended the utterances to the end.

"But a fragment of a building cannot be used as a specimen of the whole structure; neither can an abstract of the exercises of a meeting indicate the spirit of its life and impression.

"After baptizing offerings of prayer and a

testimony from the pastor to the remarkable favor and uplifting power of the occasion, signs for the dismissal of the meeting were given more than once, so loth did many seem to depart from the covering under which they were held.

“By common consent, the opportunity was a very memorable one. The aisle was long crowded with men and women patiently waiting for a personal word, and a grasp of the visitors’ hands. In George Fox’s phrase the people were ‘very sweet and tender’ and the baptizing power of a pure ministry was feelingly witnessed. One remarked as we returned from the meeting that instrumental and vocal music in lieu of the solemn silence in which we were held in intervals, would have been felt as a violence to the spirit of the occasion, and have seemed like coming down from the high platform of privilege upon which celestial melodies had melted a whole congregation in love.”

These two accounts given in some detail fairly represent the character of John Dillingham’s service as a minister aside from the meetings to which he regularly belonged. From 1892 to the time of his death he was frequently drawn to the New Jersey shore neighborhood. Hardly a year of this time passed without his attend-

ance at some regular or appointed meetings within those limits.

In the main, the inhabitants of this district in character and temperament are quite like his "native folks" in New England and in a very special degree they looked upon him as understanding them and their needs in spiritual things.

Twice John Dillingham had brief calls for service in North Carolina. Once he was in Canada and twice at least after he was recognized as a minister he had the sanction of his Monthly Meeting for some special service in Pennsylvania, once at Harrisburg and once in the neighborhood of Curwensville. Often he felt that it would be a privilege to serve his Master in some more general religious visitation, but no clear call for that came to him. Not unlikely his usefulness was greater in closely heeding the numerous special calls within the environment in which he lived and worked. This environment included the school circle in Philadelphia, in which he felt a constant divine call, his Monthly, Quarterly, and Yearly Meetings and some of the important committees connected with them, and such agencies for good as the Pennsylvania Prison Society, the Pennsylvania Bible Society, the Home for Incurables,

several institutions for colored children and adults, and at times the city at large when he joined a Friend with such a general concern in holding public meetings. In all these interests, the one thought with John Dillingham was to know his place in the Heavenly order, which order had come to be a reality to him in spite of all the confusion and counter-purposes of men. His equipment for such a service might be variously estimated. Five years of strict Harvard training, two years in a circle of highly polished worldly society, a repudiation of tradition in religion, a "home-coming" by the way of fundamental heart experience to the "fold" of his birth, these all had given him such breadth of view that he was rarely speaking from the standpoint of a single idea.

So it came to pass that to some he seemed involved and difficult to follow in his public utterances. A very interesting part of such a situation was the fact that a number who had this view came in time to confess his ministry as of the utmost value to them. They grew to understand him without difficulty and to wonder what had been the former obstruction to their understanding. One of the most prominent English Friends of our day said in our hearing, "John is a very *thoughtful* minister," with an

emphasis that meant his ministry was "full of thought." This fact, and a sententious style which was the model of expression in his day at Harvard, put him in a class quite by himself as regards matter and manner. The *spirit* which was ministered through him, however, was not obscured by matter and manner. This spirit was that of gathering love to wait upon and serve the Minister of ministers.

Unquestionably the most striking characteristic of John Dillingham as a minister was his originality. Now it was a well-known text to which he gave some new turn; now a commonplace incident in daily life which served the purpose of illustration; now some great historical event or personage in which he saw an unexpected spiritual significance; now such an ordinary matter as the inscription "Lift up" on a letter-box suggesting our part in communicating with the Highest; now a flaming sign as that of "The Academy of the Sacred Heart" suggesting the Psalmist's exhortation, "Keep thy heart with all diligence"; always, everywhere, the spiritual to him was written behind symbol and form.

To such as saw his ministry in this light an extreme of appreciation was easy. One such writes of him, "He always seemed to me the

most gifted minister I had ever heard, with the possible exception of Phillips Brooks—combining a superlative degree of spirituality with a superlative degree of intellectuality.”

This characteristic of originality—spiritual originality one might call it—made sermons that stand out vividly in the memory of those who felt their power. It has been an easy matter to collect numerous reminiscences of such. Two or three only can be included in this chapter.

One writes from Muncy of a remarkable communication there, after the death of the beloved elder Jesse Haines. It had this striking text: “Dead fish swim with the current, but it takes a live fish to swim against it.” In the presence of those who knew the quiet power of the departed worthy this of itself seemed a fitting epitome of his life.

On the meeting-day at Friends’ Select School following the death of William U. Ditzler, John Dillingham was led out into narratives of his life in a memorable manner. The large audience of over three hundred children were held in rapt attention to the end. Upon the conclusion of the meeting the late David Scull said it surpassed for clearness and convincing power any other sermon that he could remember to have heard.

In his own meeting at Twelfth Street, numerous striking communications are reported. Not a few will remember how upon one occasion he stopped suddenly and after a moment's pause said in effect, "the Spirit of Truth is best able to pursue this matter in each exercised heart, as He is given the right of way." One who was present and had allowed her mind to wander from a spiritual exercise tells how availingly this surprised turn brought her to the responsibility of personal worship.

More than one of his fellow-members has reported that they were unusually impressed with a sermon during the last year of his life from the text, "They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture did they cast lots." The purport of the message was that in many directions there is an inclination to appropriate the virtue of Christ in good works without a willingness to go down with Him into baptism unto death.

But one other memory need be added to conclude this chapter, which at the best can do no more than suggest a ministry that very certainly stood not in words but in power. It is the tribute of one of his old scholars: "The biggest impression I ever got in connection with 'Master John'—I may say *from* him—was at

his funeral, when it seemed to me that his live, loving presence filled the whole meeting-house. I felt as if he had his arms around the whole assembly and was saying, ‘ I love you all.’ ”

CHAPTER VIII

JOHN H. DILLINGHAM AS EDITOR

IN Third Month, 1898, John Dillingham became editor of the Philadelphia *Friend*. The following diary entry shows his feelings at the prospect of this service. "I accepted this day the service of editing the Philadelphia *Friend*. While the Minute of appointment in our Board of Management was read, the lively language of my heart was: 'Not I, but Christ. And the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.' It seemed as if this was given for the future key-note of the paper." So a new and arduous field of labor was accepted as an opportunity to further the mission of the Society that now had come to be in his vision "a chosen vessel," to carry a rich freight of principles and testimonies to the world. This thought is somewhat elaborated in his first editorial as follows: "The Society of Friends is one of principles rather than of men—primarily of principles and then of men professing to embody them. The

association of these principles, like the orderly elements of a crystal gathered around its nucleus, *centres* in the living and speaking Christ crucified. 'There is one even Christ Jesus that can speak to thy condition.' This revelation spoke the principle that made the first Quaker who received the name, and all those since who have been truly so. . . ." And then in conclusion: "We invite men and women, not to the mere absence of forms, but through their absence to the presence of life; not to bare silence, but by way of silence, to the living Word; not to negations, but to affirmations of the witness for Truth; not to nays for themselves, but to the everlasting yea and amen of Christ; not to emptiness and hollowness but to experimental fulness of the blessing of the Gospel. And we put aside conventional patterns of the heavenly things, for the sake of the heavenly things themselves; and would let all intercepting mediums and men be superseded by the 'One mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' "

John Dillingham himself, and probably few of his associates in the management of *The Friend*, realized the magnitude of the task of editing a weekly paper where one man is chiefly responsible for at least seven three-

columned pages of printed matter fifty-two times in the year. In such cases voluntary contributions are limited in quantity and quality, solicitation of original matter requires liberal correspondence and takes time in editing. Most every one in such a situation is driven to the shears and paste pot. But even this is a toilsome operation requiring a careful examination of exchanges for matter that fits the general scheme. One cannot picture these requirements without a measure of wonder that John Dillingham carried them for twelve years, along with a schedule of daily school duties, without showing even greater marks than he did of being an overburdened man. The old habit of college study that encroached heavily upon the usual hours of sleep made many an editorial possible, or gave the opportunity for the necessary letters to pacify contributors whose productions he was bound to reject. The twelve volumes of *The Friend* that bear his imprint as editor are full of meat. Many of the contributed articles indicate that they made part of an editorial plan, and gave luminous discussion of subjects much to the fore in the Society of Friends. This is also true of much of the selected matter. Had there been some arrangement for others to read exchanges and to bear routine duties, one easily

believes the editorship would have afforded one of the best outlets for John Dillingham's versatile talents. So much is said by way of explanation because there has long been a tendency to estimate *The Friend* by a comparison with some of the best-known weekly journals which now abound. It should be remembered that a single number of some of these will have much more labor (in hours of time) and much more money invested in them than is available for *The Friend* in a whole year!

The key-note of John Dillingham's editorship, as the pages for which he was responsible are now reviewed, is perceived to be the affirmation or more properly the reaffirmation of Truth, rather than the note of destructive criticism. Certain repudiations of principles and practices, such as seem involved in pastorships and programme services in the Society of Friends, he wrote against fearlessly. No one more surely than he during the Harvard and Brattleboro years had given the whole range of denominations an unprejudiced hearing. He always had the largest measure of tolerance and appreciation of Christians under whatever name. But his conviction that Quakerism stood for something they did not, was for him no mere tradition or theory. He believed that these other

Christians, quite as certainly as truly convinced Friends, feel that it is best for the world that these specific differences should be maintained. On this ground therefore he was at times testifying against the *practices* of those he truly loved. His own reason for this is thus expressed in an editorial:

“But it should be borne in mind that right recognition of ‘that which serveth God’ in the church must at the same time be a power to recognize ‘that which serveth Him not.’ A church has not come to its true discretion unless it can discern between its right hand and its left. An indiscriminate endorsement of every activity as so much life, quickly confuses and destroys the gift of recognition.”

The positive note as mentioned above was, however, the congenial note to him and he was at his best in proclaiming it. This is very clear under the title, “Luminaries of Peace.”

“There may be an unsanctified testimony-bearing which puts forth just such irritating remarks about war, as serve only to inflame resentment and war-spirit in their hearers. ‘Like begets like’ . . .

“Blessed indeed it is to keep the peace. If we keep the peace, peace will keep us. It ‘shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ

Jesus.' In his Sermon on the Mount it was not 'Blessed are the peace-keepers,' that he said. Though the blessing must include these, yet it is the *positively* faithful that are named—'Blessed are the peace-makers.' Again it is said, 'The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that *make peace*.' This is more than being peaceable ourselves. It is to watch all right openings to produce peaceful effects; to exert a peaceful influence; to reconcile differences; to 'follow the things which *make* for peace, and things whereby one may edify one another'; not only that our lanterns should contain the oil of peace, but should submit to the holy spark which will make them shine out as luminaries."

Somewhat more of this constructive note will be indicated by the following excerpts:

"Let us have the true aggressiveness—have grace by practising it—grace by which we may serve Him acceptably—abundant grace by continual surrender to the Holy Witness, and there will be hidden giants of the Holy Spirit who will shake the land round about as much as the eminent."

"They alone have celebration-power of the birth of Christ who know of the new birth in themselves. These, as children of the light and

children of the day, though they may pass under clouds and storms, yet while they abide in Him know no sunset to their Christmas day."

"Not that distinctiveness made our profession true, but Truth made it distinctive. Truth gave to our peculiar service the lineaments of its own testimony and distinguishment. It always does, throughout nature and throughout grace."

"Praying in the Language of Conduct.

"Lately a Friend, who was passing where a servant woman was sinking upon her knees in order to scrub a floor, said to her: 'Well,—as all faithful work is prayer, in the doing of it we might as well kneel.'

"Not himself for the moment taking in the full scope of the impromptu words, and she at once brightening up under them as one lifted above their literal sense, he was moved soon after to contemplate the language as sent to him for his own, if not for another's good. . . .

"Yes, in the doing of all right work 'we might as well kneel,'—no other posture of spirit is safe but that of watching and praying."

"Fragmentary Service.

"A hungry world needs our crumb-service, if crumbs are handed us to give; our fragmentary

service, our unfinished bits to dispense if we are shut up to no larger opportunities."

"Probably no single article or selection appearing in this periodical for years past or to come will be found to contain the *whole* truth of life. We gather up fragments, here a little, there a little. Some fact, or aspect of duty or truth may meet one condition, another point may be seasonable to another. Gospel sermons also are broken bread handed forth."

John Dillingham had a peculiar fondness for and some facility in short epigrammatic statements of truth. This in his hand was a new tool of instruction for *The Friend*. A religious journal of the Baptists known as the *Ram's Horn* cultivates this type of writing to good purpose in arresting the attention of the indifferent. There is good reason to believe that the limited amount of it in *The Friend* had a service. A few samples are reprinted as well for their intrinsic worth, as to make this characteristic of the editorship clear. This then by way of introduction:

"If half the peace and harmony of human intercourse depends on how things are said, the other half depends on how they are received."

"My creed 's the view I hold as true,
My creed in fact is that I do."

“What will it profit us that Jesus died *for* sin, if we do not die *to* sin?”

“What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? (Answer) Surrender.”

“A good way to turn our condition into joy is to turn it into another’s joy.”

“Even sound doctrine will mark an unsound man, if he rests in the doctrine and does not live in the Spirit.”

“The new heredity of regeneration is offered at the door of every heart—to be born again—not of corruptible seed but by the Word and power of God.”

“If Christ be thy life He is thy living.”

“Keep to the law as the *Right* directs.”

“The foot and mouth disease—Gadding round to gossip (also James 3: 8-10).”

Not infrequently John Dillingham expressed himself in verse. These efforts chiefly were on anniversary occasions, not of a serious nature. One little poem printed in *The Friend* is of a different character and it may not unsuitably conclude this chapter.

"Vacation at Pocono Lake

"Hallowed be the time that God doth bless,
This Sabbath of our year,
Whom we the Lord of Life confess,
And in his works revere.

"Thy life in nature rests our mind,
Thy life in grace restores our soul,
Thy love our only home we find,
Thyself in life and death our goal."

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

SOME years ago a schoolgirl in the beginning grade of the High School had assigned for the subject of a composition, "*A Face I Know.*" Time has passed—enough for her to have finished school and college and to have become the mother of an interesting family—but her description makes a fitting introduction to a chapter on personal characteristics, the face described changed so little in a dozen years:

"There is a certain face which to me appears beautiful not because of anything really handsome in it, but because it portrays a good heart and pure life. The general appearance would cause me to pronounce it a pleasing face, for there is such a mild, genial expression about the whole countenance that one cannot help noticing it.

"The broad forehead exhibits some lines showing that life has not been all play but that there are daily trials to be borne.

"There is often a twinkle in the dark-brown eyes, for the owner is full of fun and the eyes

show it by sparkling when he is hearing some joke or thinking up a pun.

“ Yet although he is at times merry, the mouth expresses something else deeper than this, for it shows he can be determined when he is doing what he thinks right. One can easily see that he will do what conscience dictates at any cost.

“ The general appearance is helped by a gray, almost white beard, for it tells that a good many years have passed over his head leaving his heart youthful and happy still.”

The penetration of a child in detecting the salient points of character is very manifest in this portrait. Goodness, geniality, endurance, determination, and fun, blended so as to be definitely youthful and happy in old age, will be recognized by most as a description of John Dillingham. In a sense it is easy thus to enumerate traits of character as belonging to an individual. The power of personality that blends these traits into a unique character is, however, too subtle for words. The best perhaps that one can hope to do is to give some suggestive points, in an attempted analysis, that will revive pleasant memories in those to whom the personality itself was so real.

In a letter quoted in the chapter on the “ Development of Religious Life,” John Dillingham

says to his mother that he can understand "how grandfather Hoag forgot his constitutional embarrassment when his mind became full of the higher concerns of his religion." This Hoag reticence was a distinct heredity which John Dillingham never wholly overcame. In the Brattleboro circle, which during the sixties was as highly a polished circle as could be found in our country, he suffered intensely from it. Fortunately one of his mother's old teachers at Providence, Mary Ann Barker, had a high class girls' school at Brattleboro. It was known as "Mrs. Howland's school," she having married a New Bedford Howland. She found her old scholar's son out, very soon after his arrival, and thereafter, regularly, a place was spread for him once a week at her tea-table. As a supplementary course in what John Dillingham called "polishments" this was of great value to him. It at least gave him the courage to make a social effort, even if afterward he suffered from a sense of being a "social failure." As noted above, however, he never wholly overcame this difficulty. To some it seemed like taciturnity, to others self-absorption. There is abundant evidence that it was neither. In circles where the embarrassment was least felt, he was actually a centre of social stimulation.

In view of such natural diffidence it is the more remarkable that John Dillingham displayed such an attractive type of human sympathy. In the last twenty years of his life, one would come upon the greatest variety of people in confidential conference with him. Now it might be a member of the housekeeping staff of the school, now a little child from an elementary grade, now a teacher or a member of an advanced class in the school, now a Haverford graduate who had come a long distance for an interview, now some worthy minister or elder of his beloved Society, now a pastor of another denomination, oftenest, perhaps, the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." So considerable were these claims upon him that it seemed necessary at times to exercise a little authority to secure him in the opportunity to pursue his school duties or his editorial work.

This wealth of human sympathy had still another side. The shipwrecked members of society in Philadelphia known as "hoboes" reported on one occasion that two men were always open to their pleas for help. One of these was the rector of a well-known Episcopal congregation, the other was John Dillingham. The modern method of organized charity appealed to both of these men, but they did not have it in their

hearts to turn away from the cry of distress. A meal paid for at a restaurant for such might entail a bill for meals for a week before they learned of the imposition; a payment of a few dollars to keep "a suffering mother and children" from being turned into the street might prove to be a wholly mythical situation, but how could they know the next case was not genuine! To paraphrase the Scripture, "the cry of the poor had come unto them, and they heard the cry of the afflicted."

It is probably no mistake to say that the instrument that John Dillingham used to overcome his embarrassment on the one hand and to open the door of personal sympathy on the other was his playful humor. It was in him, an inimitable quality. Perhaps it is always so, where it is natural. An attempt to reproduce it may seem little better than caricature. The grave manner, the twinkling eye, the special setting of each case cannot be reproduced. The two or three instances noted may be in keeping with the suggestive character of this chapter.

A young woman tells how she was suddenly arrested on Chestnut Street by a gust of wind that blew her glasses to the pavement and broke them to pieces. John Dillingham was at her side and as the effort to gather the pieces was

in course, a friend drew up in an automobile. A request that she should get into the car was promptly answered for her with, "She can't see her way clear to do that!"

A very rainy summer had brought reports of some discomfort in a camping colony of which Friends were happy patrons. In the case of two for whom John Dillingham felt a special interest, a spring of water had broken out under their bed. On meeting one of them afterward some pleasantries passed about the comforts of camp life, concluded by the remark "I hear that you even had springs under your bed." The prompt assurance that it was not so—that they slept on pine boughs, with an almost immediate discovery thereafter of the intended play, may complete the picture of this instance.

A well-known physician in Philadelphia was driving in Fairmount Park with John Dillingham. As they approached the striking military monuments erected by the estate of Richard Smith the remark was, "John, we shall never have such monuments as those." "No," was the reply, "we have never killed enough for that, or at least I never have!"

Whether appearing in recited instances or not, the characteristic quality of John Dillingham's playfulness was its benignity. This

cannot be claimed for all repartee. Mere intellectual wit often has a sting in it. To have the heart quality manifest even in the use of sharp tools is truly a mark of superior merit. This observation seems to introduce what we would set down as the predominating characteristic of John Dillingham's character. No single word seems to fit the situation better than *guilelessness*. One can search hundreds of letters and volumes of written addresses, and not find one unkind personal reflection. Nor is this in any sense an accidental circumstance. The effect of the "grace of God" in overcoming resentment had been an early experience in his life. This grace became the active principle in regulating his relationships with his fellows. It put him on the path of finding good in them and not evil. Some of the later entries in his journal are specially instructive in this line. They refer to the religious service of men *not* of his school of thought in the profession of Quakerism. *Invariably*, the notes are of the instruction he had received from their efforts. Nor is there the slightest mark that this was a strained act on his part. It was the candid attitude and habit of his life.

In writing of remembered sermons of John Dillingham's, one correspondent has told of an

occasion when he dealt with the habit of the water-lily of the New England marshes—told how it developed a life of surpassing loveliness out of conditions apparently repulsive, and finally blossomed upon the surface of stagnant water with so much beauty and richness of perfume that one failed to see the surrounding conditions in admiration of the perfected flower. This was his ideal of the Christian's life—this the consummate work of grace upon human nature. He preached it to others with a sense of needed attainment for himself. These can hardly think of his life and of his feeling of shortcoming without the reflection, "Thy humility hath made thee great."

CHAPTER X

SERVICE AND RECOMPENSE

THE religious experience that brought John Dillingham through doubts and unsettlement gave him a key for his life-work. A distinct sense of a design in his being, which he must realize by accepting divine guidance, as before indicated, became a marked feature of his career. Outward situation and service, whether comfortable or not, were in this view a means of character building under the Divine architect. This feeling and attitude are very clearly revealed in three Commencement addresses delivered at well-known Quaker institutions.

First at Haverford College in 1874: "It is said that 'when Parmenio was addressing an Athenian assembly, he continued his discourse though all had left him except Plato. He said that Plato was audience enough for him.' So may it be your future stay and support that you are not alone,—a greater than Plato is with you. Your whole duty of Christian manhood you can do,

without *credit*,—without *Him*, nothing. In *Him* your labor is not in vain, whether emblazoned or in secret. In the deep satisfaction of the Divine approval, the intrusion of human praise has ‘no glory, by reason of the glory that excelleth.’ The right style of man ‘shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord.’ ”

At Earlham College in 1877:

“John Stuart Mill is said to have remarked: ‘You Christians must stick fast to your argument from design, if you wish to maintain your doctrine of the existence of the Deity.’

“You [graduates] are fresh from your studies of Omniscient design. Every text-book has shown you new features of it. All nature is full of it; all art hangs upon it. . . . But the interesting question is, shall all the perfect thoroughness of providential design be true and not be true for you? Are your individual lives exceptions to the order of creation,—mere whims of circumstance or sports of accident? Why, there is not an accidental atom! If, as it is said, ‘one grain of sand more or less would disturb or even fatally disorder the whole scheme of the heavenly motions,’ surely there is a reason for every man’s existence which it would be a calamity for him to miss,—a place for every

man and supervision to dispose him accordingly, —an end for which he was born, a cause for which he came into the world.”

In much the same vein at Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, in 1901:

“But whatever the past has accomplished, the tremendous thing now is that there is a future to step out into. This day commences it. This beginning of days is the last day we can urge upon you a surrender to the character-building Word. It speaks to our higher life from the Highest life. It speaks to our lower life saying, ‘Come up higher.’ It is always constructive and upbuilding; disregard of it always destructive, degrading. Its energy is the very creative energy itself, both life and power. All penetrating, it lights up the discrimination between thoughts and intents, laying bare to the conscience our motives, and is the searchlight to every secret corner of our guilt or good.” The remarkable part of which declarations is that they represent a programme for life which John Dillingham himself signally fulfilled. He could accept any position or place that seemed in the Divine appointment and find a service therein. So as events of his life transpired he was watchful in them for the Divine opportunity to answer the purpose of his being and to witness for a

living Christ. Some of the opportunities were unusual and may be noted here.

Harvard University during Commencement week was the scene of one of these incidents. Several times during the later years of his life he felt it his place to join his fellow-alumni at these reunions. His Quaker garb was a recognized badge, but no one regarded it with anything but respect. Indeed it is not unlikely that it was the instrument of having him called out for a speech. In any event the opportunity came to him and he found more than a respectful hearing for the message that was not lacking in his heart for the occasion. The inspeaking word of Quaker profession was proclaimed as an out-speaking life, in all that is most noble and exalting.

The dedication of the new capitol in Harrisburg in 1906 was an event toward which honest citizens generally looked with shame, so flagrant had been the misappropriation of funds in the building operations. When finally John Dillingham was solicited to appear on the programme and open the public exercises with a Bible reading, he naturally shared these common feelings of repulsion. He committed the case to best guidance during the night after the invitation was received. In the morning he rose, with a

distinct sense that it would be right for him to accept. Secretly he hoped it might be an opening for a clear testimony, that would put Friends, so far as he represented them, in a true light. Prior to the exercises as the honored guests of the occasion were escorted through the building and special attention was called to the attempt to make a wise use of William Penn's maxims as mottoes on the wall, John Dillingham appeared to be scanning these with unusual care, when one asked, "What are you looking for, Mr. Dillingham?" He replied that he could not find the maxim, "They that serve the public must have public minds as well as salaries; or they will serve private ends at the public cost."

The Scripture-reading itself seemed to justify his hope of a testimony *for the Truth*. It proceeded as follows: "I will read brief selections from the Holy Scriptures, trusting that it is in the heart of not a few of us in coming here, to dedicate both in this temple of government, and in our bodies as temples of the Holy Spirit, *only*, 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise' and to 'think on these things.'"

“Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.”

“And Solomon spread forth his hands and said: O Jehovah, the God of Israel, there is no God like thee in heaven or on earth, who keepest covenant and loving-kindness with thy servants, that walk before thee with all their heart. But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have builded. Whereinsoever a man shall sin . . . then hear thou from heaven and judge thy servants, requiting the wicked, to bring his way upon his own head; and justifying the righteous to give him according to his righteousness. What prayer or what supplication soever be made by any man, or by all thy people, who shall know every man his own plague and his own sorrow and shall spread forth his hands in this house; then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling place and forgive, and render unto every man according to all his ways, whose heart thou knowest (for thou even thou only knowest the hearts of the children of men); that they may fear thee, to walk in thy ways, so long as they live in the land which thou gavest unto their fathers.”

“Remember us, O Lord, with the favor thou bearest unto thy people. O visit us with thy salvation, that we may see the good of thy chosen, that we may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that we may glory with thine inheritance.”

“Therefore seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith.”

“Keep silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength; let them come near; then let them speak; let us come near together to judgment.”

This Scripture-reading was followed by a pause of devotional silence which to some at least was vocal, and a living testimony of the Quaker view of worship as an individual spiritual exercise.

During the concluding year of John Dillingham's life (1910) two other instances of special service have the personal character we have noted above. One carried him to Oregon, the other was within the limits of the Philadelphia home circle. In both of them the friendship of old scholars—a teacher's best recompense—made particularly pleasant the claim of duty he felt.

Samuel Hill, a student at Haverford during John Dillingham's term there, had been instrumental in establishing a colony especially attractive to Friends at Maryhill in Oregon. He had built a Friends' meeting-house to accommodate settlers and in opening it for use felt particularly desirous that the type of meeting should be that which had appealed to him at Haverford. He invited John Dillingham and his wife to be present at the opening as his guests. So the trans-continental journey was undertaken, in a feeling that besides the privilege of a human friendship that had drawn him thither, he might find an open door to represent the high privilege of Him who has called us to the estate of friends in a spiritual inheritance. This opportunity was very clearly afforded, and a good measure of satisfaction was felt that a right concern for the initial meeting at Maryhill had been met.

The other incident had to do with the solemnizing of a marriage. The young woman concerned in it, by heredity as well as by school training, was connected with Friends. In the arrangement for her marriage two ministers of different denominations were to have part. She felt a very strong desire in addition that her beloved "Master" John Dillingham might have place to bestow a blessing, as she phrased it, if it were

in his heart to do so. Upon some consultation, she was advised that it would be best not to mention it to him, but to arrange so that a natural opportunity for such expression would follow the official ceremony. So it was proposed that a period of silent waiting should be entered upon by the whole congregation as a fitting conclusion of the marriage. In writing to a distant friend about it afterward John Dillingham said he found himself in this silence upon his feet before he had reflected upon the propriety of appearing in such a place and at such a time. His call had seemed to be to emphasize the nature of marriage as a divine ordinance to which the Head of the Church set His seal in the promise to be with the two united in His name. By some failure of the means of conveyance to the place of the reception John Dillingham did not occupy the seat of honor prepared for him, and did not hear from the bridal party how highly they had esteemed his faithfulness. So in the written account he gave of the incident, he could only say that he trusted the service so unexpected to himself had not been an offense to those most concerned.

This type of character thus delineated, finding a sphere of service in special and personal calls of duty in addition to the call in a

professional or a business career, is not unusual to Christians under all names. In few, however, does it become more fixed as a definite characteristic than it was in John Dillingham's life. What then shall we say of the recompense of such a life? Of mere worldly recompense, of place or profit or glory, there may be none. Those who have their hearts set upon a daily following of their Lord know well of satisfactions beyond any of these. "The effect of righteousness," of this special kind of personal righteousness, is peace." That recompense was written upon John Dillingham's countenance more and more as he advanced in years. It became the atmosphere of his life. He proclaimed it, not so much by what he said, as by what he did. For him to live had actually become *Christ-likeness*. And to such a climax, in his case, we come whether we consider his life as teacher, minister, or man.

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